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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Mary Baker Eddy

THE twentieth century is forgetting how hard won and how precarious is liberty. We watched with apathy or a regretful shrug the suppression of free speech in and after the war. We have accepted with indifference a censorship of literary masterpieces so stupid and so ill-directed that only pornography has profited. Unless public opinion is vigilant, Senator Bronson Cutting's amendment to the iniquitous censorship provision of the present tariff bill may be lost when the time comes for final action. The more recent case of Mr. Dakin's Life of Mary Baker Eddy is still more significant, because, not a law but extra-legal methods have been used in the attempt at suppression. It may well become a test case in American freedom.

The most competent reviewers of this life of the founder of Christian Science have in general declared it to be scholarly, accurate, and remarkably unprejudiced. It is not a belittling book; on the contrary, Mrs. Eddy appears as a great religious leader, sincere and convinced. While the author does not believe in her theology, he treats her principles with respect and is aware that only a great personality could have inspired so powerful a faith. He differs from the Christian Scientist Committee on Publications in asserting her dependence for part at least of her philosophy upon the American healer, Quinby, and in stating, upon what he regards as documentary evidence, that she used medicine, notably opium. He is accused also of having written his biography without consulting the official guardians of the church.

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The charges brought against this biography are exactly equivalent to those which may be, and usually are, levelled against every historical study in a controversial field. They are exactly equivalent to the criticism of recent biographies of Washington, Lincoln, and Andrew Johnson. Has the biographer relied upon original sources? Has he interpreted his sources correctly? Is the portrait of his subject historically possible? These are legitimate questions, but beyond them such criticism cannot go, for there is no such thing as absolute truth in the history of unusual individuals like Elizabeth, Luther, Cromwell, Lincoln, or Mary Baker Eddy. Lives written of these great, disputable figures will always be subject to critical attack and difference of opinion, even when the use of documents has been scrupulously accurate. We have a right to insist upon that accuracy, we have a right to question an interpretation, but to suppress a life of Luther because it does not square with the Roman Catholic view of his career, to boycott a history of our part in the war because the American Legion does not like the book, or, with the assistance of the D. A. R., to censor out of existence a life of Washington because the author has depicted a character not entirely heroic, would be recognized instantly as a tyrannical attack upon liberty of opinion.

If an honest life of Mrs. Eddy is boycotted because a Christian Science committee does not approve of its interpretations, we have then a clear case of extra-legal means used to bring about a suppression which no principle of criticism can justify. The firm of Lord and Taylor have announced that they have been asked by the Christian Science Committee to remove Mr. Dakin's book from their counters and have done so, and Charles Scribner's Sons, the publishers, have stated that a like request has been made of booksellers throughout the country with, apparently, in the majority of cases, the same result. In short, a book which competent scholars support, and which can be accused only of differing in its conclusions and its use of documents from the opinion of a committee supposedly representing a sect of some 200,000 people of influence, is threatened with what amounts to a boycott. Since it is improbable that more than a few booksellers are Christian Scientists, and since their business is to sell books, no other inference can be drawn from the situation.

Well, what next? If the Roman Catholics boycott all the books of Mr. Aldous Huxley and bring pressure to bear upon the shops that sell them; if

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More Joy

By SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

NOT a lamb—
Though lambs are pretty, too,
With short fleece curled and crisp as rime—
Do I choose this time.

I must have
More joy on my green downs,
A wilder foot, a gayer will
To be wanton still;

So, having sought
My territory through
To find where most fixed joy lay hid,
I bear home a kid.

In these eyes
Burns more transparent peace
Than ever blessed the anxious brows
Of the virtuous,

And this heart brings
Me back the sole unflawed
Image of that world innocent,
Of my first intent.

This Week

"The Dissenting Opinions of Mr Justice Holmes."
Reviewed by CHARLES E. CLARK.

"For the Defence."
Reviewed by EDMUND PEARSON.

"Old Lousiana."
Reviewed by HERSCHEL BRICKELL.

"The Theatre."
Reviewed by DONALD OENSLAGER.

"The Wet Flanders Plain."
Reviewed by HAROLD KING.

"Adrigoole."
Reviewed by DIARMUID C. RUSSELL.

"Look Homeward, Angel."
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.

"The Quest for Certainty."
Reviewed by RALPH BARTON PERRY.

Enough Sunset Gun.
By LEE WILSON DODD.

Common Prayer.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"Sincerity."
Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

Next Week, or Later

English and American Journalism.
By JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS.

Case Study of a Liberal*

By CHARLES E. CLARK
Dean, University School of Law

MR. JUSTICE HOLMES is more than a distinguished lawyer and judge. He is a wise and charming philosopher. He is a flaming champion of the common man. He is the delight and joy of the law professor. (Of one of these a student wrote that "his secret pash is To raise some great white handle bars like Holmes's fine mustaches".) He is the hero and the exemplar of youthful lawyers and law students. In short, he is an American institution and more entitled to the designation than most other things so labelled. Anything which brings him to the attention of discriminating readers, as this volume does, is welcome. And perhaps the best way to accomplish this end is by the case method so famous in legal education. Here is a case study of a remarkable man from his own lips. A reprint of his pronouncements on actual cases preserves the flavor of reality, of actual contest, of the clash of interest. But, more important than all, it discloses the man himself and his fine distinctive style, rich in epigram and allusion, the style of a judicial essayist unrivalled to-day un
chance by his admirer and disciple, Cardoz

The book does have, however, the pre
defects of the case method,—lack of both economy and completeness in presenting the subject. Passing over some doubts as to the sufficiency of the editor's explanatory notes and catch phrases—as "Compensation in New York" to introduce the vexing problem of the extent of admiralty jurisdiction as against state compensation acts, or "A Connecticut Divorce" to suggest the questions of interstate and foreign divorce—we find a serious omission of all his scholarly work prior to going on the bench and upon the Massachusetts bench where he served for twenty years prior to his appointment to the Federal Supreme Court. His first important scholarly work was as editor of the *American Law Review* in 1870-1873. Some articles here published grew into his famous Lectures at the Lowell Institute in Boston in 1880, which, republished in the following year as "The Common Law," made his reputation as a stylist and a legal historian on both sides of the Atlantic. This volume had, too, and has ever since had, an immense effect in stimulating legal historical studies. It is interesting to see how some of Holmes's views, originating in this tracing of the law in the ancient Year Books, were carried by him over into his decisions on the Massachusetts bench. Some of these cases are models of compact historical allusion. At times he so thoroughly convinced his associates of his historical positions, some of which seem more doubtful now than when he first stated them, that the actual decision went beyond even his views and he was compelled to dissent from the logical conclusions of his own deductions. But as he says in his first paragraph to "The Common Law": "The life of the law has not been logic; it has been experience," and mere logic alone has never appealed to him.

Again, many of his Massachusetts opinions, here omitted, are important as foreshadowing his later and more famous social opinions. His dissent in Vegelahn v. Guntner in 1896 was an early statement of the case against the use of injunctions in labor disputes and brought him to the attention of President Roosevelt. He was appointed to the federal

* THE DISSENTING OPINIONS OF MR. JUSTICE HOLMES. Arranged with Introductory Notes by ALFRED LIEF. With Foreword by DR. GEORGE W. KIRCHWEY. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1929. $4.50.

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court in 1902 and now at the age of eighty-eight has completed twenty-seven years of service on that tribunal.

The opinions here reprinted not only are limited to his federal service but for the most part to his judgments or dissents on social questions. His decisions on technical legal questions are ignored. His support of Justice Brandeis's continued criticism of the "fair value" theory of public utility rate review is thus omitted. Even on the issues presented it is possible that the lay reader may have difficulty in appreciating all the play of opposing forces represented in these famous cases. One should have a fairly complete knowledge of the political and social history of America during the last few decades to value Justice Holmes's services rightly. Even those who count themselves liberals with him may too easily voice their support without realizing the far-reaching nature of the problem involved.

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An expression of these doubts is intended not as condemnation of the present volume but is a result of a fear lest it may not do full justice to the man and his work. So far as it goes, it is most valuable. To those who already know and appreciate him the work is especially satisfying for it brings to hand the finest of his judicial writings. We come back with delight to his pointed and profound epigrams. Thus, in a single case we find "The common law is not a brooding omnipresence in the sky but the articulate voice of some sovereign or quasi-sovereign that can be identified. . . . It always is the law of some State." And also "I recognize without hesitation that judges do and must legislate, but they do so only interstitially; they are confined from molar to molecular motions." Or again the following in a case interpreting a statute, "A word is not a crystal, transparent and unchanged; it is the skin of a living thought and may vary greatly in color and content according to the circumstances and the time in which it is used."

An attorney interested in this last case has said with some justice that Holmes lost further interest in the case after he had framed the epigram. Even the great Homer may nod, and, perhaps increasingly of late years, a fondness for the pithy saying and a greater interest in the social problem has led to less attention to the more technical legal questions.

Of these cases Holmes himself would say, as he said in 1900 of his work on the Massachusetts bench:

> I look into my book in which I keep a docket of the decisions of the full court which fall to me to write, and find about a thousand cases. A thousand cases, many of them upon trifling or transitory matters, to represent nearly half a lifetime! A thousand cases, when one would have liked to study to the bottom and to say his say on every question which the law ever has presented, and then to go on and invent new problems which should be the test of doctrine, and then to generalize it all and write it in continuous, logical, philosophic exposition, setting forth the whole corpus with its roots in history and its justifications of expedience real or supposed!
>
> Alas, gentlemen, that is life. I often imagine Shakespeare or Napoleon summing himself up and thinking: "Yes, I have written five thousand lines of solid gold and a good deal of padding—I, who have covered the milky way with words that outshone the stars!" "Yes, I beat the Austrians in Italy and elsewhere: I made a few brilliant campaigns, and I ended in middle life in a *cul-de-sac*—I, who had dreamed of a world monarchy and Asiatic power." We cannot live our dreams. We are lucky enough if we can give a sample of our best, and if in our hearts we can feel that it has been nobly done.

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What is his social philosophy? In the Boston where he grew up he is sadly if not violently regarded as a wholly destructive influence. It has been said more mildly that his philosophy is merely negative; he does not build but pricks balloons. But what is negation to one is of course construction to another. Jefferson was a destructive force in the eyes of Marshall. Yet Jefferson's views have enough vitality to be both respected and feared, to be alive, more than a century later. Had the World War not intervened, bringing its accompanying wave of intolerance, Justice Holmes's support of the underdog might be more popular than it now is. And the hatred and harshness of the present day is sure to be succeeded by milder times when the positive nature of Holmes's philosophy will be still more apparent.

But his attitude is more than one of mere tolerance. He has, it is true, consistently supported social experimentation by the States. He says,

> There is nothing I more deprecate than the use of the Fourteenth Amendment beyond the absolute compulsion of its words to prevent the making of social experiments that an important part of the community desires, in the insulated chambers afforded by the several States, even though the experiments may seem futile or even noxious to me and to those whose judgment I most respect.

On the other hand he has steadily resisted attempts of the State and of the federal government to restrict the rights of the individual whether it be by laws aimed at free speech or by wiretapping to secure evidence of crime. After all there is a considerable air of *noblesse oblige* about his activities. It is a proper matter for the state and for the courts to act to protect the weak against the strong, to restore the bargaining balance lost by economic conditions or financial pressure, to see to it that working conditions are good and wages proper. Paternalism, even socialism, it may be termed; but after all it is the public service ideal so bitterly fought for years by Justices Brewer and Harlan and now firmly imbedded in our jurisprudence. In 1891 Brewer wrote, "The paternal theory of government is to me odious. The utmost possible liberty to the individual, and the fullest possible protection to him and his property, is both the limitation and the duty of government." And he expressed the fear that otherwise "'Looking Backward' is nearer than a dream." To-day the court is upholding regulation of industries to protect the individual in a way to fulfil the worst forebodings of that grand old capitalistic judge. There are occasional setbacks, but the progress has been pretty consistently forward. In this movement Holmes has had his not inconsiderable share. In small matters he is constantly in the minority; in a larger way he is in the vanguard of the majority.

His life is and should be an inspiration. Wounded three times in the Civil War and left for dead on the field, as described in his father's famous "My Hunt for the Captain," he will be found gallantly fighting to the end. Last year upon returning from the funeral of his wife, his companion of nearly sixty years, he wrote one of his noblest dissents, that in the Schwimmer case, where a woman of fifty was refused citizenship because of her unwillingness to bear arms for the country. Here is what he said in one of the war-time free speech cases and this review may properly close with this revealing passage:

> When men have realized that time has upset many fighting faiths, they may come to believe even more than they believe the very foundations of their own conduct that the ultimate good desired is better reached by free trade in ideas—that the best test of truth is the power of the thought to get itself accepted in the competition of the market, and that truth is the only ground upon which their wishes safely can be carried out. That, at any rate, is the theory of our Constitution. It is an experiment, as all life is an experiment. Every year if not every day we have to wager our salvation upon some prophecy based upon imperfect knowledge. While that experiment is part of our system I think that we should be eternally vigilant against attempts to check the expression of opinions that we loathe and believe to be fraught with death, unless they so imminently threaten immediate interference with the lawful and pressing purposes of the law that an immediate check is required to save the country.

The Great Defender

FOR THE DEFENCE: The Life of Sir Edward Marshall Hall. By EDWARD MAJORIBANKS. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1929. $5.

Reviewed by EDMUND PEARSON

FOR twenty years people flocked into the English law courts when the news had gone out that "Marshall Hall is defending." With most of the famous criminal cases of his period, he was in some way connected; usually, leading for the prisoner. He appeared for some notorious culprits, and a few of his clients went to the gallows. But often he satisfied the jury that the case for the Crown was not as black as it seemed. Sometimes this was by an emotional appeal; sometimes by an unexpected magic which made even the judge admit that there was another interpretation to the evidence.

American readers are apt to remember Marshall Hall as the lawyer who defended G. J. Smith, the brides-in-the-bath murderer. He was also consulted in the Crippen case; he successfully defended Wood, who was accused of the "Camden Town murder"; he appeared in the Jabez Balfour swindle; he secured the acquittal of the Frenchwoman, Mme. Fahmy, for shooting her Egyptian husband; he represented Seddon, the poisoner; and he worked in vain for Bennett, in the Yarmouth Beach murder—one of the first great newspaper sensations in the recollection of the present generation. During the last ten or fifteen years of his life (which ended in 1927) he was the one great advocate whose aid was sought by all, as soon as they were in serious difficulties.

A strikingly handsome man, with white hair, and the profile of a hero of the films, his entrance to Court was impressive. Everybody, even the Judge, awaited him, for he suffered for many years from physical infirmities, and was permitted to conduct his cases without rising to his feet. First, came his clerk with an air cushion; then someone with a row of bottles containing smelling salts and other medicines; then an exquisite antique box, from his famous collection of silver, containing some special pill; then, his nose-spray, which his opponents declared he used to distract the jury, when the case took an unfavorable turn. At last, when all was ready, came the great man himself.

Theatricality was part of Marshall Hall. In one of his parliamentary campaigns he entertained his constituents with his skill in marksmanship, shooting cigarettes from his wife's lips. How merry would *Punch* make over an incident of that kind, if it happened in an American election! Marshall Hall had a great knowledge of precious stones, and often used it to advantage when his professional career suffered a set-back. He was a skilful mechanic, and sometimes turned his ability to good use in the Courts. He was passionately fond of shooting: he reports bags of game which are painful to read about; he even sought diversion in his garden at night, shooting bats! He frequently quarrelled with judges. He was frankly bored by the nicer technicalities of the law; never pretended to a knowledge of them, and usually called upon his junior to argue such points. His strength lay in his acquaintance with human nature, his power as a cross-examiner, his quick recognition of the weakness of his opponent's case on the facts, his daring in a desperate situation, and his ability to make an eloquent appeal to the emotions.

This book contributes something new to our knowledge of such a notorious case as that of Smith, the bath-tub murderer. It tells twenty or thirty good stories about the odd cases which came within the experience of this versatile lawyer. And it relates, at length, the history of seven or eight of the more important of these murders. One of these is an excellent detective story of the Sherlock Holmes type; it might be called "The Adventure of the Green Bicycle; or, the Curious Incident of the Dead Raven."

I suppose that I have read a dozen or more books dealing with the lives of English barristers or judges. This one is, by far, the most entertaining of them all.

Mary Baker Eddy

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the Methodists do the same with the novels of Mr. Hemingway; if the American Historical Association warns the booksellers to send back to the publishers the works of Herr Spengler; if the Quakers (who, like the Christian Scientists, are a power financially) serve notice upon the department stores that their trade goes elsewhere if books on military tactics are put upon the shelves—in short, if honest opinion can no longer be put into a book without arousing a powerful sect or group determined to put down a liberty which offends them, we are back again to the seventeenth century, and Milton's "Areopagitica," which Christian Scientists, who may not be aware of where their committee is leading them, are urged to read.

There is an obvious solution to the disagreeable episode which is the cause of this editorial. Lord and Taylor have announced that while they will not permit Dr. Dakin's book to be seen upon their counters, they will continue to supply copies to readers who wish to order them. Charles Scribner's Sons, the publishers, continue to advertise that the book is for sale and can be ordered from them, and also, presumably, through even the most timorous bookshop. Order a copy! It is a gesture recommended to all who believe that liberty of opinion is a priceless possession, and especially to Christian Scientists, who cannot all believe that one hundred million Americans must be protected against their will from all but official or partisan discussions of the life of Mary Baker Eddy.

The First Amendment to the Constitution which implies freedom of speech and the right to freedom in religious opinion as an American principle, is at least as sacred as the Eighteenth.

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The Good Old Days

OLD LOUISIANA. By LYLE SAXON. Illustrated by E. H. SUYDAM. New York: The Century Company. 1929. $5.

Reviewed by HERSCHEL BRICKELL

IF Mr. Saxon's charming "footnotes to history," which excellent phrase is borrowed from the blurb of his new book, does not send a good many touring Americans into Louisiana and Mississippi in search of the fast-disappearing fragments of a fine architecture and a delightful culture, it will mean that there are fewer people in this country really tired and bored with contemporary life than one gathers from stray conversations. What greater relief could there be for a New Yorker, with his eyes full of upthrusting towers, propelled heavenward in most instances by no other force than human vanity, and of no especial importance except as monuments to the lack of originality and taste on the part of their architects, than to spend a month, in the Spring let us say, among the plantation houses Mr. Suydam has drawn so well in "Old Louisiana?" These were houses built to live in; the earlier "raised cottage" that has come to be recognized as typical of Louisiana, was exactly suited to the climate for which it was built. It was open to the air, with a generous and friendly face to the world. The later "great houses" in the classical tradition were also good; they had dignity and stateliness, they stood for gracious leisure, and they were as far apart from current domestic architecture as the life they sheltered is apart from the life we know today.

Mr. Saxon's book is a pot pourri of stories taken from old documents, of chapters about families that he has seen in the process of "going to pieces," of quotations from letters and diaries, of descriptions of some of the remaining plantation houses, and of incidents and episodes in the early history of Louisiana every one of which has its interest and value. The volume does not seem to have any especial plan, but the result is just as sure as if it had, and this result is a vivid evocation of the life of the most romantic state in the Union—he who questions this statement should remember his etymology. One finds out how the early American settlers fared after the Louisiana Purchase had opened the territory; one reads how a youthful Creole spent his days visiting among the various branches of his family and his friends, pretending the meanwhile to study Blackstone; one reads an unforgettable story of how a French dancing master called Baby put up a gallant fight against maurauding redskins, and how a slave, the mistress of her master, worked a strange revenge upon her master's wife.

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One reads, too, with a good deal of sadness of how many of the magnificent old plantation houses have tumbled into the maw of the Mississippi River, and how many more have burned, and how many more there are that are deserted and falling rapidly into ruins. Here and there a decaying remnant of an old family clings to its ancestral mansion, lending a ghostly semblance of life to the premises, and in instances even more rare wealthy people have restored the old houses and are living in them. It requires wealth for this last. The great houses were the flower of the slave system, just as was the gracious culture they sheltered, and they are not to be restored, unfortunately, without the expenditure of much more money than most people are willing or able to put out. Some of the places in Natchez, Mississippi, which is just across the river from Louisiana, are being preserved, but others are doomed. They should be preserved as souvenirs of a period when sheer living for the sake of living reached its peak in this country.

Mr. Saxon devotes an entire chapter to an attempted solution of the mystery of the identity of Simon Legree, and gathers together evidence to show that a Louisiana planter named Robert McAlpin, a native of New England, was the prototype of Mrs. Stowe's villain. He quotes a large collection of amusing negro proverbs. He describes a recent Christmas on a plantation—there are still some plantation houses left—he paints a picture of a jamboree in the Cane River neighborhood, where he lives and writes. As I have said, the book is an olla podrida, but all the ingredients are good, and some of them are very good.

Those who saw Mr. Saxon's "Fabulous New Orleans" will not have to be told that E. H. Suydam's pencil is an extraordinarily fine medium for catching and transferring to paper the beauty and the romance of old buildings and old scenes, and for this reader, Mr. Suydam has fairly outdone himself in "Old Louisana." From the drawing of the Uncle Sam plantation buildings, which is used as end-papers, to the very last sketch of a corner of a neglected family burying-ground, he has given both an accurate and a delightful series of pictures, and his drawings of the plantation houses might serve as studies for architects. For practical purposes at the present time, the houses of the classical period are not of much use, but why the South ever abandoned its "raised cottages," or, for that matter, the design of the old four-room log cabin, with a fourteen-foot open hall between the two paired rooms, for California bungalows and "Spanish" houses, is just one more of life's unsolvable mysteries.

Mr. Saxon's book ought to be about right for Christmas, if you know any one who is interested in Americana, or who has Southern ancestors, or who loves beautiful houses, or, for that matter, who is interested in anything except the closing prices of the thirty leading stocks.

The Elizabethan Theatre from a Contemporary Sketch. (*Theatre Arts* print.)

The World Theatre

THE THEATRE. By SHELDON CHENEY. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1929. $10.

Reviewed by DONALD OENSLAGER

MR. CHENEY has written the first comprehensive work on the history of the World Theatre in the English language. There are many books that approach theatre history in a brief way, generally emphasizing but one side of theatre activity, for instance, the actors's or the playwright's. Hitherto Mantzius, the Danish author (whose works are translated), has alone held the distinction of writing a complete survey in his six large volumes of material, stimulating to read, but in many respects of dubious authenticity. Unquestionably Mr. Cheney deserves no small praise for the very accomplishment of such a feat.

He develops his subject from a threefold approach—"the drama, the physical theatre, and the craft of staging"—and observes these ingredients of the theatre contract and expand under the restless heat of an audience three thousands years old. The following passage sounds the true depth of his understanding of the theatre in relation to contemporary life:

> Just so, in regarding the larger composition of the world theatre, the student or interested playgoer—or reader—must vision a similar binding force, a theatrical unity, a deeper all-pervading essence; for it is this that lends design to the actor in relation to the drama, the physical theatre and the craft of staging. And it is this that I shall try to keep forward throughout my story of the "theatre art."

Such a book cannot fail to assume monumental proportions. The book itself has the size and appearance of a German-English Dictionary. It outlines the theatre even as Mr. Wells outlined civilization. To manage his campaign Mr. Cheney must obviously rely on the aid of eminent authorities of periods or tendencies in theatre history. J. J. Frazer, E. K. Chambers, Arthur Pougin, and Allardyce Nicoll are but a few of his distinguished aides. Audience, actors, playwrights, directors, designers, architects, musicians, *et al.* are well marshalled and move forward steadily and easily from century to century. He presents his forces first exuberant behind primitive masks; then in solemn formation encircling the orchestra of the theatre of Dionysus; after Roman holidays they are singed with the ecstatic fires of Christianity and find shelter in Gothic cathedrals. With breathless excitement they tread lightly over the highly polished parquets of the Renaissance, and after a final frenzy of Romantic attitudinizing, these now serious thinkers take base refuge behind the theatre's fourth wall to better hold the mirror to the problems of its audience.

* * *

The material for this world excursion is finely proportioned and is handled compactly; yet its compactness is concealed by simple and imaginative writing. Mr. Cheney always manages to capture the illusion of a period that is most appropriate to the theatrical life it frames. He writes magically of the past in terms of the present. And voicing dissatisfaction with the present theatre, he vividly conjures before you the glamour of the older theatre. And of the next theatre Mr. Cheney can discern more luminous shadows than are cast by the present bright lights of Broadway. These new shadows are cast by the high lights of those who have forged traditions in the theatre of the past.

Such a broad view of theatre life evolves itself into a readable record that never allows one to become conscious of over five hundred pages of plans and time-tables. One cannot but wish, though, that Mr. Cheney had held off for several years and produced a thoroughly scholarly work that might do more than suggest the history of the theatre in modern dress. "The Theatre" comes so close to real achievement, one feels entitled to judge Mr. Cheney's contribution from the highest possible standards—"All or nothing." Its merit can best be judged by what he has eliminated. Naturally many ghosts arise. If Vigarani (Louis XIV's scene-painter) is included, why not De Loutherbourg, t "Prince of Scene Painters," whom Garr esteemed so highly as to pay him five hund pounds a year for his scenic innovations introduced on the stage of Drury Lane? In the influence of the "Freie Bühne" and "Théâtre Libre" are emphasized, what about the Duke of Meiningen's Company, whose style left its mark on the theatres of Europe from Berlin to Moscow? And so, too, what about Mme. Vestris? Have not these all contributed vitally to the life of our theatre today?

Regardless of such questionably judicious omissions, "The Theatre" cannot fail to become a valuable standard work. But a standard work should carry more weight today—a kind of weight that might, with more distinguished research, have brought more scholarly credit to Mr. Cheney's fine literary reputation, as well as to the literature of the theatre.

Memory and Pilgrimage

THE WET FLANDERS PLAIN. By HENRY WILLIAMSON. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by HAROLD KING

THOSE who wonder whether the recent interest in war-books is more than a fickle change in public taste will find an answer in the first pages of this book. Mr. Williamson describes that impelling force which drives the old soldier towards anything that enables him to recapture the war years in memory, and that more obvious but equally powerful force that compels him in his turn to tell what he knows. There is a sense that something of oneself was left behind with the bodies of the fallen, that "I am dead with them, and they live in me again,"—a mystical experience of unity in comradeship that left an almost tangible need in the soldier's life when war ended. There is a demand that men must never again go ignorantly into such a cataclysm; the war must be described, again and again if necessary, so that, if men must still choose to fight, it will be with full understanding.

Mr. Williamson is one of those rare men who was a front-line soldier through practically the whole of the war. Nine years later he felt compelled to go back to the battlefields, as it were on a pilgrimage. Every soldier who served in France knows the feeling. What one expects to find is difficult to define. Those deserted and shattered vil-

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lages, so sacred in memory, have been rebuilt, and the plough has furrowed many times across no-man's land, yet even in their newness they should hold something of the old, richer than memory.

This book is a diary of Mr. Williamson's nine-day travels. It begins on the two notes suggested above, memory and pilgrimage. Old and new are skilfully intermingled; wraiths of ten years ago move convincingly among living buyers and sellers. Gradually, however, a discord swells into dominance. Tours of the battlefields run everywhere; Hill 60 is a camp of souvenir sellers; Death Trench "as it was during the war" may be seen for one franc. The agony of a generation is reduced to the level of a peep-show. Mr. Williamson turns homewards with a voice in his ears: "What you seek is lost for ever in the ancient sunlight, which arises again as Truth." The comradeship of suffering endures in the memory and in a few works of art; all trace is gone from these battlefields reconquered by the vulgarities of civilization.

The book is a series of vignettes, done with that delicate skill of which Mr. Williamson is master. It is deep and tender and moving, and will probably rank with the few really great books of the war. The style is as beautiful as ever, and its rare power of conveying the charm of the English countryside is as successful with the ruin and the gaudy resurrection of the wet Flanders plain. It is work of high quality, yet it may have difficulties for some American readers, especially those of the younger generations, to whom the war is history, uncolored by those intimate familiarities that memory loves. For four years the country described was no less English than England, its details more significant to Englishmen than those of their own island, and Mr. Williamson writes as one of them for others who shared his experiences. The want of this background may make it a little more difficult to penetrate to the innermost secrets of the book. Yet this is almost niggling criticism. "The Wet Flanders Plain" is most beautiful, the more so that its quiet wistfulness is far removed from the force and horror of most war books.

Irish Peasantry

ADRIGOOLE. By PEADAR O'DONNELL. New York: G. P. Putman's Sons. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by DIARMUID C. RUSSELL

THE Irish peasantry may be glad a pen so sympathetic as Mr. O'Donnell's has been used in writing about them. It has considerable powers of expression and it does not misrepresent the western coast of Ireland or the people who live there. In this latest novel it writes about Adrigoole, a county of the most lovely scenery where hills purple with heather fill the horizon and everywhere are lakes and streams. But there too the bones of the earth have broken through its flesh and the farms which here and there scatter the mountains and the valleys use land wrenched from rock and bog. Hughie Dalach is born there. When the proper age comes to him, economic pressure forces him, as it does so many from the west coast, to go to the hiring fair. There, twenty dollars for the summer buys his labor for a farmer from another and wealthier part of the country. Mr. O'Donnell knows his Donegal. Those that cannot be used on the farm must go outside to work for the few dollars that make all the difference between existence and emigration. And what farms for people to cling to so desperately.

> The rocks were sharp-edged, deep-rooted, broadfaced; the patches of soil were twisted around granite boulders; there were no ploughs, only spades; no horses, only donkeys. Hughie Dalach had a jennet. And the farms were tasselled at the mountain boundary with roots of heather that pushed downwards; eating downward, waiting for the men below to weaken; waiting; to go back without feeling from a push upward, and then again to wait.

This is the land Hughie Dalach has to farm when he settles down with the wife he finds for himself. For them begins the struggle that most in the West have to face. In the good years enough is made for existence. Nothing can be saved for the bad years, when blight comes to the potato fields and rain rots the corn. Nature is certain to win and with her gain comes destitution. It comes to the Dalachs. The husband in desperation tries his hand at illicit whiskey distillation and gets caught. The prison sentence that follows leaves his wife to look after the children and the farm, a barely possible task for the two; impossible for one and that one a woman. The author finishes his tale with tragedy. Hughie comes home from prison to find his wife dead and the children nearly so from starvation. The obstinate pride of the Irish peasant will neither ask for aid nor bear the stigma of the poorhouse.

Donegal and the other counties of the West are a hard and barren land for the peasant. Mr. O'Donnell knows it and has a tenderness for that land. "Adrigoole" shows it; he has the kindness and sympathy that comes from knowledge and love and it makes this story one to read. I find "Adrigoole" very true and very moving. The book bears the stamp of talent and of individuality.

"C'est Maitre François"

LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL. By THOMAS WOLFE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

IF it were customary to head reviews with a motto, like a chapter of Walter Scott, a review of "Look Homeward, Angel" might well take a phrase from Mr. Arthur Machen's "The Street Glory": *"C'est Maître François! Maître François en très mauvais humeur peut-être, mais Maître François tout de même!"* The analogy must not be pushed too far; there are of course many important differences, notably a violent emotional intensity in Mr. Wolfe that is entirely lacking in Rabelais, but they have the same fundamental and most unusual quality, a robust sensitiveness. Extraordinary keenness of perception usually makes a character like Roderick Usher or Des Esseintes, or, in real life, Proust, one who is forced to shut himself away from bright lights, loud sounds, and strong feelings, and occupies himself with infinitely cautious and delicate experiments upon himself. But Mr. Wolfe, like Rabelais, though plainly odors and colors and all stimuli affect him more intensely than most people, is happily able to devour sensations with an enormous vigor; his perceptions have a rare combination of fineness and largeness.

In manner, Mr. Wolfe is most akin to James Joyce, somewhere between the ascetic beauty of the "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" and the unpruned fecundity of "Ulysses"; but he resembles many other people by turns. His hero, Eugene Gant, amuses himself by registering at country hotels as John Milton or William Blake, or by asking for a cup of cold water and blessing the giver in his Father's name; so Mr. Wolfe amuses himself by writing here in the manner of one author and there of another. He will suddenly fall into a dada fantasia, such as often appears in *transition*, as:

> A woman sobbed and collapsed in a faint. She was immediately carried out by two Boy Scouts . . . who administered first aid to her in the rest-room, one of them hastily kindling a crackling fire of pine boughs by striking two flints together, while the other made a tourniquet, and tied several knots in his handkerchief,—

and so on, and half a dozen pages later he will enumerate, in the painfully unimaginative manner of "An American Tragedy," the real holdings of Mrs. Gant:

"There were, besides, three good building-lots on Merrion Avenue valued at $2,000 apiece, or at $5,500 for all three; the house on Woodson Street valued at $5,000," and so on for a page and a half. That is, it seems to be the great gift of Mr. Wolfe that everything is interesting, valuable, and significant to him. It must be confessed that he has just missed the greatest of gifts, that of being able to convey his interest to the ordinary reader.

* * *

Upon what was his vitality nourished? Rabelais fed on all the fulness of the French Renaissance, a dawn in which it was bliss to be alive; what would he have been like if he had been a poor boy in a small southern town, with a drunken father, a shrewish mother, and a family of quarreling brothers and sisters? Mr. Wolfe's answer seems to be that, in his childhood at least, he would have done unexpectedly well. Eugene, in pitifully cramped surroundings, somehow has a greater fulness of life than most boys have. From his father, especially, he draws some sense of Dionysian madness, of Falstaffian greatness. The teaching he has is very bad, but he gets somewhere, from it or from himself, a real feeling for Latin and Greek. His first money is earned on a paper route that takes him through the negro quarter, his first knowledge of women comes from a negress who is in arrears to his company, yet he is never without a sense of the wonder and pain of desire and hunger. Years ago Mr. Tarkington said: "There's just as many kinds of people in Kokomo as there is in Pekin," but he carried little conviction, for his melodrama was too obviously arranged. It is Mr. Wolfe's contribution that he has drawn an unsparing picture of character and emotion. For those who can see it, there is everywhere a wealth of vitality that is almost enough.

But it is the little less, after all, and his town grows more insufficient as Eugene grows older. There is one chapter, in manner probably inspired by "The Waste Land," describing an afternoon in the square, with a running comment of quotations.

> "Give me a dope, too."
> "I don't want anything," said Pudge Carr. Such drinks as made them nobly wild, not mad. . .
> Mrs. Thelma Jarvis, the milliner, drew, in one swizzling guzzle, the last beaded chain of linked sweetness long drawn out from the bottom of her glass. Drink to me only with thine eyes. . . . She writhed carefully among the crowded tables, with a low rich murmur of contrition. Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low—an excellent thing in a woman. The high light chatter of the tables dropped as she went by. For God's sake, hold your tongue and let me love!

It is good enough, the town and the soda-water, but it should be so much better! A great company of poets are called on to set the beauties of the world against their pitiful analogues in Altamont. Mr. Wolfe's criticism of the narrowness of his hero's surroundings is the more bitter because he has done it such abundant justice.

* * *

The bitterness grows when Eugene goes to the state university. Here Eugene, developing rapidly, becomes more difficult to understand, more difficult perhaps for his author to picture. It is often observable in books that begin with the birth of a boy that they grow confused as he approaches the age of the author. Here too the goat-foot that always belongs to the followers of Joyce is shown. Eugene becomes morbidly conscious of his physique, and yet unnaturally neglectful of it. He does not have his teeth filled or his hair cut; he does not bathe. He is naturally not popular, and he resents his want of popularity, in a way that is not far short of megalomania; he revolts against American sanitation and cleanliness, declaring that health is for fools, and great men have always shown signs in their lined faces of the disease of genius. Now this is hardly comprehensible, and hence hardly credible, even when the first two thirds of the book has given one the will to be as sympathetic as possible. There are possible reasons for Eugene's cult of dirt, ranging from a subconscious fear of impotence and a confused desire to be like the Horatian he-goat, *elentis mariti* (there is something like that in Mr. D. H. Lawrence), to a rankling sense of social inferiority, perverted by a fierce pride into a resolve to emulate the Fraternity Row aristocracy in nothing, not even in cleanliness (there is something like that in Mr. Wilbur Daniel Steele's "Meat"), through a dozen others. But Eugene here is not clear, as if Mr. Wolfe did not understand him, or understood him too well to think him worth explaining.

In the end Eugene is left wondering, with the same sense of the loneliness and greatness of the soul that informs the book from the beginning. "Look Homeward, Angel" though it has the faults of luxuriousness, has the great virtue that it always has the vision of something half-comprehensible behind the humdrum life, and that in the reading it carries conviction with it.

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Knowledge and Action

THE QUEST FOR CERTAINTY: A Study of the Relations of Knowledge and Action. By JOHN DEWEY. New York: Minton, Balch & Co. 1929. $4.

Reviewed by RALPH BARTON PERRY
Harvard University

The soul is like the eye: when resting upon that in which truth and being shine, the soul perceives and understands, and is radiant with intelligence; but when turned toward the twilight of becoming and perishing, then she has opinion only, and goes blinking about, and is first of one opinion and then another, and seems to have no intelligence.

NO, this was not written by John Dewey, but by Plato in or about 385 B. C. What's wrong with the picture? Everything is wrong with it. It embodies the great initial error, from which two thousand years of philosophy is at length to be rescued. According to Professor Dewey's newest restatement of his already familiar creed, philosophy unfortunately started in the wrong direction. It conceived intelligence as a kind of vision, in which "antecedent existences and essences were revealed," and it exalted the immutable above the changing. Philosophy is now to be grasped gently but firmly by the shoulders and faced about. The soul has intelligence when she turns towards—not, to be sure, the twilight, but the dawn of becoming. In adopting this new, forward-looking, experimental method, philosophy is to emulate the example of science, which no longer looks for "fixed objects with fixed characters," but has become a search for "methods of control." In other words, what we know in science, and what we would know in that better philosophy modelled upon science, is *what will happen* if a certain datum of experience is subjected to a certain operation. Knowing what will happen as the result of a certain operation, is equivalent to *knowing how* to achieve that result. So the common distinction between knowing and doing disappears, and science assumes the form of the art of control.

* * *

The present book possesses all of its distinguished author's most engaging qualities. It is shrewd and genial and gives an aspect of freshness to homely truths. It is contemporaneous without being banal, humane without sentimentality, and prophetic without arrogance. It surpasses Professor Dewey's previous books in lucidity and persuasiveness. But it is inevitable that a restatement of his creed should evoke a restatement of objections, the old objections which do not seem to have been met. If they rest on misunderstanding, so much the better, and so much the more reason for restating them.

"Modern experimental science," and the reformed experimental philosophy which the author advocates, being "an art of control," how does it happen that science, notwithstanding its experimental method, still teaches a lesson of humility, resignation, or even of despair? It provides men with tools by which nature can be turned to human uses, but none the less does it reveal the narrow limits of human power. This aspect of inflexibility and coercion is not a mere residuum of diminishing ignorance, it is a progressive discovery. It is not cleared away, but *brought to light,* by advancing science. By science we learn what consequences will flow from certain conditions. Sometimes, happily, the conditions can be removed, and the consequences enjoyed or averted. At other times the creation of the necessary conditions exceeds the range of human capacity, in which case their absence can only be deplored. At other times the conditions are already irrevocably supplied by nature herself, and the consequences can only be awaited with pleased anticipation, or with dismay. Instead, then, of belittling this difference by an extended use of the term "control," is it not more illuminating to say that experimental science informs us concerning the causes of change, and that *in certain cases* the knowledge of these causes enables us to control the change. But when so interpreted the causes are certainly "antecedent" in the sense that they *dictate* to the human will, whether they condemn it to impotent submission, or prescribe the methods of control which it *must* use.

The extent to which knowledge is control is easily exaggerated by slurring the distinction between those changes which are induced by knowledge itself, and those which are induced by overt action. If I conceive a chair as fuel, I may be said in some sense to have changed it by reconceiving it; if I thereupon proceed to burn it, I change it in a very different sense, which is due, no doubt, to my way of conceiving it, but which involves additional steps which may or may not be taken. When, furthermore, I know the chair to be combustible without burning it, I know that it *was* in some sense already combustible before I directed my attention to it. Nothing could be more important in a theory of knowledge than to provide for these differences, or to explain how an object can be said *to have possessed* that very potentiality which is now for the first time ascribed to it. And this raises the ancient question of the past, and of our knowledge of it. Professor Dewey tells us that "the object of *knowledge* is prospective and eventual, being the result of inferential or reflective operations which redispose what was antecedently existent"; or, that "the true object of knowledge resides in the consequences of directed action." Now how can the *object* of knowledge be prospective in the case *of* the past? There is, no doubt, an ambiguity here in the term "object." It may mean that of which I know something, or it may mean what I know about it. The former may be past when the latter is future. But in strictly historical knowledge both are past,—I know something that was about something that was. It may still be argued that the evidence on which I rely is a record to be examined in the future. But it is inconceivable that Professor Dewey would wish to carry a paradox so far as to identify the historical event with the record, or the object with the evidence. The case of the past is not an unusual case. It embraces much, perhaps in some sense all, of knowledge. But the objection does not rest upon this case. The author tells us that "the physical object, as scientifically defined, . . . is a statement . . . of the relations between sets of changes the qualitative object sustains with changes in other things." What is the tense of the word "sustains" in this passage? If it has any one tense, past, present, or future, it excludes the other two. It seems clear that Professor Dewey must mean that the verb refers to all times, in which case the object in question is certainly "antecedent" to the moment of its being known, both in the temporal and in the logical senses of that term.

* * *

Turning to a second, and broader objection to the author's position, it is impossible to escape the conviction that he knows more about the world than can be subsumed under his conception of "knowledge." And he not infrequently admits as much, in all but the word. "In itself," he says, "the object is just what it is experienced as being, hard, heavy, sweet, sonorous, agreeable, or tedious." There are "observed occurrences," "individualized situations," "phenomena," and "objects actually experienced." But what useful purpose is served by refusing to regard experience and observation as modes of knowledge? It is true that they must not be confused with discursive or experimental knowledge, and that for purposes of explanation they serve as data or as evidence rather than as cognitive in their own right. But it would conduce immensely to clearness if Professor Dewey would join James and Bergson in admitting immediate as well as mediate knowledge. Otherwise his view of knowledge can never cover his view of being, and his metaphysics remains an inadvertence, or a mere haunting presence, palpable but illegitimate and unrecorded. For his non-cognitive experience is there, as a part of the picture. A knowledge which confines itself to the dynamic relations of events is an abstraction from concrete existence, and Professor Dewey somehow knows it. His theory of knowledge, furthermore, not only omits much of what he knows, but must necessarily be inadequate to the very task for which the philosopher is peculiarly responsible, the task, namely, of bringing into one self-consistent universe the realms (such as experience and knowledge) which science and commonsense need only distinguish.

As regards moral philosophy, Professor Dewey proposes to abandon the idea that "the authoritative standards of life" are provided by "certain properties of value" found antecedently. Values, like objects of knowledge, are to be constructed by an experimental intelligence. But at this point the theory threatens to become circular. To say that the truth of knowledge is to be tested by its consequences is plausible enough, because it is assumed that one is ready with some standard by which to distinguish the consequences which are good from those which are bad. It is, however, with a sense of bewilderment that one then learns that the good and the bad themselves are to be tested by their consequences. One is tempted to say that for Professor Dewey the good is that which when judged good has good consequences. But this would scarcely be fair. What is unmistakable is that the author wishes us to regard practical judgments as analogues to theoretical judgments, since in the one case as in the other one must pass beyond immediacy. In mere liking and enjoyment as such there is no value, but only when these are reflected upon, qualified, and tried out. They must be judged regarding their "conditions and results," and must not be "repented of" or "generate an after-taste of bitterness"; that is to say, presumably, that they must be well grounded and wear well. Now this means either that objects are good when they are liked and enjoyed, and therefore better in proportion to the duration and extent of these feelings,—which is indistinguishable from those "empirical" theories which the author condemns; or it falls into the above circularity, "security," and "extent" themselves carrying an implication of goodness.

* * *

To say that the author's theoretical ethics is unsatisfactory, and that a philosophy which appeals to consequences is under a peculiar obligation to provide a theoretical ethics, is not to deny that his practical ethics is admirable. There is a working standard of democracy, individualism, and liberty which is as palpable as the author's voluntaristic and evolutionary metaphysics, but which is equally unproved and unacknowledged by his explicit theory of knowledge.

"The Quest for Certainty," like so many of the author's philosophical books, is full of illuminating historical criticism. Ignoring the paradox that a pure experimentalist should be occupied with the past at all, is it not true that Professor Dewey is somewhat obsessed by the errors of the past, as, for example, the *Gestalt* psychologist is obsessed by his pet aversion, associationism? Or is it characteristic of a pragmatic philosophy that as philosophy it should restrict itself to the reform of method, confining itself otherwise to a critical examinatic the special problems of politics, economics, and cation? Either philosophy is a method an more, or one is justified in expressing disappointment that this admirable and enlightening book should not have possessed more of that "speculative audacity" whose absence from American culture the author himself deplored in his address on "The Rôle of Philosophy" given in 1926 before the International Congress of Philosophy.

Enough Sunset Gun

(Poem in Dispraise of Practically Nothing)

IT'S quite the thing now to write verses
Like curses,
And sophisticate bards thumb their noses
At roses,
While they sing that inconstancy vexes
The sexes,
That life is a swindle, and dying's
Worth trying.
But to me, while they're posing and frowning,
Old Browning
Bursts heartily in with his cheering
Unfearing,
With the blast of his slug-horn, like Roland
In Woe-Land,
And blows them away to Gehenna!
No senna
Makes acrid the wine that he pours us.
He bores us
At times with his *basso robusto*—
Yet gusto
Is better at least than combining
With whining
The wisecracks of Main Street, Manhattan!
Roll that in
Your cigarette-papers, ye sneerers
At cheerers.

LEE WILSON DODD.

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The Bowling Green

Common Prayer

I HAD heard, in a vague way, that the Episcopal prayer-book had been revised, but the fact did not come home to my business and bosom until the new edition appeared in Gorham's window. I suppose a new edition of the Book of Common Prayer is not sent round to reviewers for comment; though obviously the publisher (the Oxford University Press) must have been busily distributing it through the trade, in time for the Christmas business. Here is a book which I suppose few lay reviewers will be rash enough to mention, and the committee of the Book of the Month Club will hardly see. But it will be, for countless thousands, the Book of a Generation, for prayer-books don't get revised very often.

You will not misunderstand me, for I write in all piety; and at this season the elements of genuine religion must surely work in us all. As one who grew up with one foot in Friends' Meeting and one in an Anglican pew, the Book of Common Prayer was always something to be consideringly loved, not to be swallowed as potion. There was a dear but doubtless very annoying old lady at the prayer-book counter at Gorham's, devilling the clerk over a dozen different formats of the new edition and trying anxiously to persuade herself that they were all authentic and established. She was the kind of fussy and crystallized and Murray Hill old lady whom I would have expected to see in a barouche with a black lace parasol over her head, and she was buying a dozen copies of the new prayer-book, one for each member of her household. I suppose she was horrified at the promptness with which I seized a copy, paid my money, and sped off with it unwrapped. How could I convince her that I was just as anxious as she could possibly be to find out what Bishop Manning and his committee had done to my well-loved book?

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I cannot of course abandon my old copy, inscribed with a date in 1890 when I was a month old, and printed (quite rightly) on Paternoster Row. Bound in scalloped leather and with a little brass clasp, it was the innocent pride of my childhood, and it had in it much excellent reading that kept me wondering through many a long sermon. That was a genuine Church of England prayer-book, and it still prays for "our most gracious Sovereign Lady, Queen VICTORIA;" sometimes I have come dangerously near not being quick enough with the substitution of the President of the United States; just as Mr. Gissing, by excess of zeal, prayed both for Rain and for Fair Weather—and caused so much fog.

I cannot be unfaithful to my good old prayer-book, but it is always thrilling to see a great institution adapting itself to the time, and I sat down with great eagerness to see what Lucien Moore Robinson, whose name is given as Custodian of the Standard Book of Common Prayer, had allowed to be done to it. For purely sentimental reasons I regret the vanishing of so extraordinary a piece of philosophy as the Athanasian Creed; but I believe that has been out of the American prayer-book for a generation already; as also the Table of Kindred and Affinity listing the 30 prohibitions of matrimony for both sexes; which, in a world where so many mistakes can be made, reduces the possibilities of error by sixty. I note a certain number of rather squeamish revisions, where antique bluntness of phrase has been toned down; a few rather finicking grammatical refinements, such as "most chiefly so to do" reduced to "chiefly so to do." But these are mere quibbles. The interesting thing is to observe that a serious and sincere effort has been made to bring the liturgy in line with contemporary thought and feeling. There is even an evident infusion of pacifism, something almost unheard of hitherto in the Episcopal church. The phrase "Christ's church militant" has become "Christ's church." The cruel and damnable "Prayer for Malefactors" which defaced the old ritual is gone, and a much finer Prayer for Prisoners has taken its place. Judge of my delighted amazement to find, among many new prayers inserted, such surprising generosities as supplications For Social Justice, For Every Man in His Work, and For the Family of Nations. One begins to rub one's eyes and believe we are making progress. Here we have the church explicitly mentioning "workmen" and "employers" in a Prayer for Faithfulness in the Use of This World's Goods, and stating some fundamental principles of industrial decency in good round terms. I like too the prayer "For all Poor, Homeless and Neglected Folk." I should like to know who wrote these new prayers that have been added; he is a good man. And by some miracle of sensibility he has preserved the fine naive simplicity of the old rubrics. Greatly I like the little section of prayers to be used in Families, with the instruction "The Family being together, a little before bedtime. . . ."

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In many ways this new Prayer Book shows itself as a sociological document. Among the new special pleadings it is interesting to find one for a State Legislature, one for Courts of Justice, one for Our Country ("Bless our land with honorable industry, sound learning, and pure manners.") Not least striking is the fact that the congregation's self-identification as "miserable sinners" has been removed from the Litany; which has been sensibly purged in several places. Two extremely interesting minutiae are that the phrase, "peril of childbirth," has been reduced simply to childbirth, and "travel by land or water" now becomes "travel by land, by water, or by air." Also the Thanksgiving for a Safe Return from Sea is now for a Safe Return from a Journey, which is less invidious.

I don't know just why, but presumably every collator of texts will turn to see what Lucien Moore Robinson has done to the Solemnization of Matrimony. He has done plenty, and one thing that shocks me. Instead of M and N, who have been the happy pair for so many generations, now it is two N's. "I N. take thee N." etc. That was an unnecessary alteration, and somehow displeasing. Female N, as has long been the case in actuality, no longer obeys and serves; but male N has his compensation, he does not with all his worldly goods her endow. No longer are we told that the institution of matrimony was instituted "in the time of man's innocency;" it begins to look as though there had been some lively argument about the marriage ritual in the revisionary committee. Good old Isaac and Rebecca, who served so long as examples of wedded bliss, have been jettisoned; any allusion to possible progeny is now purely optional with the parson, the philoprogenitive psalm about the fruitful vine and the olive branches is vanished. Instead we find—suggested, not mandatory—a cautious invocation of blessing on the Ring. The oldtime marriage service, if performed in full, was a lively affair, full of strong sayings. This one is certainly more timid, and therefore more statesmanlike.

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I presume that there are many who in moments of wavering attention in the pew have dipped into the Preface to the prayer-book. Dated at Philadelphia, October, 1789, I had always thought of it with pride as one of the earliest and stoutest bits of American prose. It is thrilling, and it is a sadness to me, now that I study the two texts side by side, to observe that its best parts were lifted from the original preface to the English prayer-book. Why is that preface not reprinted in any of the anthologies of perfect argumentative and witty prose? What the anonymous scrivener said then is doubtless equally true of the present revising committee:— "We know it impossible (in such variety of apprehensions, humours and interests, as are in the world) to please all; nor can expect that men of factious, peevish, and preverse spirits should be satisfied with any thing than can be done in this kind by any other than themselves. . . . it hath been the wisdom of the Church of England to keep the mean between the two extremes, of too much stiffness in refusing and of too much easiness in admitting any variation . . . we here profess it to the world that the book doth not contain anything which a godly man may not with a good Conscience submit unto, if it shall be allowed such just and favourable construction as in common equity ought to be allowed to all human Writings."

And to these admirable thoughts the unknown Philadelphian of 1789 (was it Bishop White?) added a conclusion that was worthy of the age in which he wrote—that the prayer-book promulgates its message "in the clearest, plainist, most affecting and majestic manner."

Aye indeed! So it is not without emotion that you may see this old and precious anthology of human need renewing itself for human use and comfort. Certainly it is one of the most affecting and majestic of the works of man's spirit, immortalized by the tears and raptures of innumerable solitudes. It has lightened many darknesses. In this season when darkness is long it shines with the humble glamor of a Christmas tree. Perhaps it is not amiss to suggest it as the perfect gift. "Then in thy mercy grant us a safe lodging, and a holy rest, and peace at the last."

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Mr. Erskine Goes Modern

SINCERITY. By JOHN ERSKINE. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE M. PURDY, JR.

APART of the excellence of Mr. Erskine's mildly historical narratives of the past few years lay in their almost complete lack of atmosphere or description. While his people were called by great names such as Helen of Troy or Galahad, they spoke and acted and lived very much as everyone fondly believes the average man to talk and act and live nowadays. Mr. Erskine has now chosen to abandon the realms of romance for a new and narrower world,—that of the small American city. It is a world not far removed from the rowdier slogan-filled region where the Babbitt of Mr. Sinclair Lewis holds sway, for it is bounded on the one hand by the business activities of the husband and on the other by the social and domestic occupations of the wife. But in his somewhat unbelievable new fable of three people who "go sincere," Mr. Erskine has carried over much of the method and manner characteristic of his earlier books. The flat, rather commonplace style, the understatements, the slightly stilted dialogue,—all is there save the dry humor which made his "Helen" so notable. And the effect is, surprisingly, to rob this modern story of almost all interest.

Yet is is not without possibilities, though unnecessarily complicated and drawn out in the telling. The problem of Isabel and Winthrop Beauvel and their friend Mary Allerton is no doubt more common than one might at first think. The wife who leaves the husband she does not love merely because she does not feel herself to be living a really sincere life, the friend who sympathizes with them both and who later supplants the absent wife are common enough. The wife's adventures in search of freedom in Europe are more than that, including as they do a stereotyped seduction at Nice, a mild flirtation with an Englishman in Paris, and finally eight years of quiet life in a cathedral town, dispensing tea to a visiting expert on early Gothic traceries. Even her return to America, the resumption of her position as a wife (for she has never been divorced), and the final settling back to much the old situation are all understandable. Less so is the attitude of the husband, only slightly annoyed by the behavior of these two women he no longer loves.

The main faults of "Sincerity," however, grow out of Mr. Erskine's refusal to adapt his manner to this new material. He still presents his characters to us "in the flat," as it were, without explanations for their actions. We are not allowed to penetrate their minds or their motives more than superficially, and are not even given the guiding thread of a definitely ironic attitude (save in the European scenes) on the part of the author to tell us in what light we should regard these futile people. In the case of Helen of Troy this was all very well: it is amusing to read that she could be jealous and abuse Paris as if he were her husband. In the case of a woman called Mary Allerton living in the American town of Harrington, such a thing is not significant, even when we know that she has been living for ten years with a man not her husband. For it is in such an atmosphere of "respectable scandal" that Mr. Erskine's creatures move. They seem to have the minds of elderly maiden school-teachers, all too squeamish and polite even in their wanderings from the path of conventional morality.

No doubt it will be argued that Mr. Erskine expects his readers to supply their own irony and their own explanations for the devastation caused in these three lives by Isabel Beauvel's passion for sincerity. The defects of the case as it is presented to us are too apparent, however, to be overlooked, and most people will reply to Mr. Erskine's demand with a shrug of the shoulders. As his heroine put it in her uncommonly dull *Atlantic Monthly* essay which started all the trouble, the whole thing "suffers from unintended limitations."

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BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Not Sterne but Combe

LAURENCE STERNE: SECOND JOURNAL TO ELIZA, Hitherto known as "Letters Supposed to Have Been Written by Yorick and Eliza," but now shown to be a later version of the "Journal to Eliza." Transcribed from the copy in the British Museum and presented with an Introduction by MARGARET R. P. SHAW, together with a Foreword by CHARLES WHIBLEY. London: G. Bell & Sons, Ltd. 1929.

Reviewed by WILBUR CROSS

Author of "Life and Times of Laurence Sterne"

IN order to understand the startling claims made for the letters in this volume, it is necessary to bear in mind a few facts in the story of Yorick and Eliza as it has hitherto been told from letters and other documents of unquestionable authenticity.

Soon after coming up to London in January, 1767, Laurence Sterne met, in the Anglo-Indian society he had been cultivating, Mrs. Elizabeth Draper, whose husband held a post in the East India Company and was then stationed at Bombay. Yorick and Eliza, says Sterne, "caught fire, at each other at the same time." Sterne was then in his fifty-fourth year, while Mrs. Draper had not yet quite reached the age of twenty-three. The fires between youth and age were still fast burning when Mrs. Draper was unexpectedly called back to India by her husband. Obedient to the call, she went down to Deal towards the end of March to await the sailing of the *Earl of Chatham*, which was to take her home. During this interval of some ten days, many letters passed between Sterne and Mrs. Draper, under the fanciful names of the Bramin and the Bramine as well as of Yorick and Eliza. Subsequently Mrs. Draper fled from her husband, and returned to England late in 1774, where she died in 1778. Her return was heralded in 1773 by the publication of "Letters from Yorick to Eliza," which were followed in 1775 by three other editions. There are ten of these letters, which, though undated, belong to the first three months of 1767. They were evidently printed from copies which Mrs. Draper permitted one or more friends to make. They created a sensation. In 1775 Sterne's daughter also edited a large miscellaneous group of her father's letters. Neither collection, however, contained any letter from Mrs. Draper to Sterne, of which there had been many. Then the literary hack and forger entered upon the scene to supply the deficiency, first with the spurious "Letters from Eliza to Yorick" (1775).

In "The Letters from Yorick to Eliza," about which no question can arise, there are allusions to journals which each is keeping for the sole eyes of the other. A part, probably the larger part, of Sterne's journal, in Sterne's own hand, came to the British Museum late in the nineteenth century, and was published in 1904 under the title of "The Journal to Eliza," though Sterne called it "Continuation of the Bramine's Journal." The entries begin with April 13, 1767, and end with August 4 of the same year, save for a postscript dated November 1. "The Journal to Eliza" is an extraordinary emotional document, keyed to the tune of "A Sentimental Journey."

Now, we are ready for the claims of Miss Shaw, which are reënforced in a "Foreword" by Mr. Charles Whibley. In 1779 appeared two volumes entitled "Letters Supposed to Have Been Written by Yorick and Eliza," which are loosely arranged as a journal. These letters, which have always been regarded as imitations, Miss Shaw would prove to be genuine. External evidence against her thesis she lightly casts aside, and bases her argument mainly on their style. She conjectures that Sterne was dissatisfied with his journal as first written and took the occasion while in London in January and February 1768 to rewrite it. This "Second Journal to Eliza," as she names it, written just before death, is declared to be "the supreme *apologia* of Sterne's genius." In certain passages Miss Shaw feels, too, that she is the presence of "the ultimate possibilities of language," far from the reach of an imitator.

Miss Shaw's thesis falls on the merest touch. When Sterne came up to London at the beginning of 1768, he was in wretched health. In the previous spring, summer, and autumn, he had suffered from a succession of hemorrhages of the lungs which had reduced him to "a ghost." With difficulty he had trailed his pen through "A Sentimental Journey." There were to be four volumes, but he was able to write only two. For a time in January he tried to keep engagements to dine out, but he soon had to send in apologies to his friends and request that they visit him in his lodgings. In February he came down with the influenza, which was followed by pleurisy, and then death on the eighteenth of March. During his last illness he began and laid aside a "Comic Romance." It is preposterous to assume that Sterne had the time or the strength to write two volumes of letters either then or during the previous months at Coxwold.

Despite Miss Shaw to the contrary, there is nothing in the letters of 1779 to show that the author of these two volumes had ever seen "The Journal to Eliza." They show an intimate acquaintance with Sterne's works, with "Tristram Shandy," "A Sentimental Journey," his sermons, and his letters, which are freely drawn upon for paraphrase and dilution. With the exception of the last letter, which purports to have been written while death was impending, all the rest, except for some anachronisms, keep close to the period covered by the ten published letters from Yorick to Eliza. A few slips, which Miss Shaw attempts to explain away, damn the whole collection. In the first letter, for instance, Yorick writes that he is going immediately into the country. He was in London at that time and had no intention of leaving town for two months. Twice Eliza writes as if "A Sentimental Journey" were published and she had read it. She particularly admires the portraits of the Monk, poor Maria, and the Peasant, and wonders why history does not extend into Italy. There is, however, no evidence that Sterne had then written a sentence of the book. Nor does the style come very close to Sterne's or Mrs. Draper's. At times there is an approach to Sterne's sentiment and rhythm, but as a whole the collection, running down into moral essays, is very dull, quite out of harmony with the temperaments of Sterne and Mrs. Draper.

Miss Shaw relegates to an appendix the preface and the address to the reader of the original edition, in which it is said that the letters, as the reader will soon discover, are only "imitations" written for the author's "private amusement." Who was the author? In making out the list of his writings late in life, William Combe included "Letters Supposed to Have Been Written by Yorick and Eliza." Combe, still known for his Dr. Syntax, was a voluminous writer, who had a knack of imitating the style of his contemporaries. The "Letters of the late Thomas, Lord Lyttleton," which Combe forged, were twice reprinted as genuine. Miss Shaw admits that Combe may have written the preface and the address to "The Letters Supposed to Have Been Written by Yorick and Eliza," but sets him down as a liar when he claims to have written the letters themselves. One of the letters, it may be observed in passing, retells a story contained in Combe's "Philosopher in Bristol," which was published in 1778. How, one may ask, did Sterne have that story back in 1768 when, according to Miss Shaw's chronology, he wrote the "Second Journal to Eliza"? A footnote by the original editor says that the story was purloined from the manuscript of the letter in which it occurs for the "Philosopher in Bristol!" Believe that who will. The footnote and the general character of the so-called "Second Journal to Eliza" point directly to William Combe as the man behind the scene.

Mrs. Frances Brown, the great-grandniece of Jane Austen, has carried out what ought to be an interesting literary experiment. She is shortly to have published a novel entitled "Margaret Dashwood, or Interference." This is to be nothing less than the story of the love and marriage of one of the characters (Margaret Dashwood) in "Sense and Sensibility" and of the later life of its other personalities.

The Wolf Pack

THE LAST STAND OF THE PACK. By ARTHUR H. CARHART and STANLEY P. YOUNG. New York: J. H. Sears & Co. 1929.

Reviewed by MARY AUSTIN

THE last stand of anything has always a dispiriting sound. However triumphant the occasion for the bringers about of final judgments, of extirpations, the sympathy of the audience is always instinctively with the extirpated. Nothing, for the bystander, should ever be utterly wiped out; there is probably always something to be said for under-dogs, and the right reaction to all drama demands a moment of relenting, of second chances, of the generosity of victory. "The Last Stand of the Pack" carries with it a corrective suggestion for misplaced victories. The pack means depredation, ruthlessness for its victims, cunning and courage of a sort which raises the price of success and creates in advance the anticipation of a good fight, with reasonableness at least on the side of the victor. If you should happen, in addition, to be a producer, on a considerable scale, of live stock, news of the extermination of the pack—for the live stock man, perhaps for any American, there is but one sort of pack—affords the satisfaction of another hazard removed. It is to these that the authors address the book which records the final passing of the wild wolf of the western plains and mountains.

Stanley P. Young is the principal biologist of the U. S. Biological Survey, and Arthur Carhart is a novelist who in association with the U. S. Forest Service, uncovered and shaped into a book the story of what is probably the last known wolf pack within our borders. The material is utterly authentic. The study of the background, of the men involved in the business of pitting their own hunting skill against the wolf packs that until a few years ago haunted the mid-region of the Rockies, is explicit and unprejudiced. There is even that respect which the good hunter allows for a worthy foe. For readers to whom hunting is a preferred sport, and wolves merely the incidental objects of the hunt, the book is excellent, dependable entertainment. It is an unimpeachable gift book for boys. It is also the sort of factual material which becomes in the course of time the background of immortal fiction. The wolf-trappers, the Forest Rangers, the cow-boys involved in the chase and capture of Lefty of Burns Hole, of Whitey and Rags, of Bigfoot and Three-toes and the Phantom Wolf, are, as the authors say in their dedication, the last metamorphoses of the Mountain Men who beat out the wind-swept, snow-blanketed, hail-pelted trails of the Rockies. Altogether, "The Last Stand of the Pack" is an important, an indispensable addition to our Americana.

The reviewer admits a sympathy almost wholly engaged on behalf of the Pack, feeling that the country could well have spared a last pack, and reimbursed the losers among cattle men, for the sake of a pack to study, a pack to provide the last fillip of wildness in a country already too much the sufferer from our American rage for extirpation.

Without, as one suspects, being aware of it, the authors of the book have said the last word on certain aspects of pack history in which there is likely to be no rebuttal. In the story of Unaweep and her training of the young wolves, there is confirmation of what students of social origins are more and more certain, the rise of one of our characteristic human types of group organization, the economic pack. At the risk of affording on the one hand comfort, and on the other fresh affront to the followers of Mr. Bryan, the sincere researcher among animal prototypes of human institutions, has to skip the simian group, and fix on the hunting kind as the true founders of our "business" complex. And of all the hunting beasts, the wolf pack, as this book goes to show, most resembled the human economic pack in pattern, in the quality both of leadership and of submission to it, in foresight, in wariness, in evasion and attack, and in ruthlessness. In the struggle between the two, wolf pack and man pack, which Mr. Carhart's book describes, one realizes that the balance was tipped not in cunning or courage, but in favor of the man who could mobilize to his aid the machine, the trap, the gun, the chemical laboratory. Altogether the book is a fable for economists, a document for psychologists, both of whom will probably agree with the reviewer that it is a pity that its conclusion should remain incontrovertible through the complete destruction of experimental material.

Byzantine Civilization

THE BYZANTINE ACHIEVEMENT. By ROBERT BYRON. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1929. $5.

MANY books have been written in recent years with the purpose, avowed or not, of destroying a reputation. Here is one intended to restore one. The fame of the Byzantine Empire has suffered in English particularly by the biased and partial treatments of Finlay and Gibbon. It has been obscured by the obsession of western Europe with its own past, and by the rediscovery in the last half century of the European Middle Ages. It has suffered moreover by the elimination of Constantinople from the Western scene and the supplanting of its civilization by an alien culture. The *idea* of Byzantine history, culture, ethics, art, and achievement in the mind of the educated American or Englishman differs as sharply from the fact as eighteenth century knowledge of China from the actual Chinese empire. In French the situation is better for much valuable historical work has been done and many sound books published, but in English we are still at the mercy of special monographs or most unreliable histories.

Mr. Byron is apparently not a scholar but he knows how to use his sources his sources are good. He is writing, fr a defense and a panegyric, but a d and a panegyric is precisely what, moment, is needed. The extraordinary civilization which we call Byzantine had a thousand years of stable history, with its peak at the very moment when Western Europe was barbarously immersed in the so-called Dark Ages. If King Alfred could have voyaged eastward with one of his mariners he would have found a city in wealth and stability comparable to the greatest of modern times, in beauty far exceeding our best. He would have found manners, trade, organization all in a plane to which nothing in Europe was comparable before the Renaissance. In architecture we have recognized the Byzantine achievement because St. Sophia still stands, but in art, it has only been since the modernists have begun to break away from representationism that the triumphs of plastic and pictorial art beginning when Rome had just fallen and ending only with the errant El Greco, have been properly appreciated. The great sack of Constantinople by barbarian Crusaders, one of the greatest and most shameless lootings in history, followed by the Moslem wave which engulfed, changed, or destroyed what was left, has left us with a pitiful remnant of a vast treasure, but in the original and in European imitation (as in St. Mark's at Venice) there is enough for a working reconstruction.

Mr. Byron's book is not history so much as description. Its chapters deal with culture, politics, trade, manners, and art. They are well documented, and if not to be regarded as first-hand history, are a most excellent introduction to what was civilization to the surrounding nations for until at least the thirteenth century. Most striking is the comparison of the Byzantine budget with that of modern Great Britain, and the extent of its trade, conducted entirely on a hard cash basis, with modern systems of credit. But most interesting and probably most important is the subtle analysis of the Greek sense of a pervasive religion which *was* the state.

As a contribution to the attempt which another popularizer, H. G. Wells, began with his World History, to restore a correct historical perspective to Westerners who have viewed the world only as Western Europe saw it, this book can be highly commended. It is an introduction to the true center of civilized life in what we call the Dark and the early Middle Ages.

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Books of Special Interest

Science and Religion

RELIGION IN AN AGE OF SCIENCE. By EDWIN ARTHUR BURTT. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1929. $1.50.

Reviewed by GILBERT LOVELAND

ON this science-and-religion problem, who shall speak as one having authority? The religionist is suspect of wishful thinking or of lack of scientific knowledge. The scientist's attitude toward religion is likely to be related to his piety or want of it. Only the philosopher seems to be sufficiently aloof to see the implications of the methods and programs of both science and religion.

When Professor Burtt, himself a philosopher, says that the philosopher "is a specialist in cutting corners," and that "he wants if possible to catch the gist of what it is to be a scientist without being one," he is doubless giving a bit of his philosophical autobiography. At any rate, he knows his religion from the inside, and has mastered the concepts of science.

His book has one exceeding great value, above all its other values: it makes unmistakably clear that the reconciliation of science and religion is no easy matter. Quite too much cavalier synthesizing, he thinks, has been done. It is a disservice to both science and religion. It will not do to dismiss all apparent conflict by saying that the two enterprises have two quite unlike fields in human experience; that the field of science is inquiry, and the field of religion, worship; and that each is valid in its proper realm. The plain truth is that science is all the time winning new knowledge in the light of which religion has to retreat from some dogmatic position. As science encroaches little by little upon the Great Unknown, the realm of the mysteries is by that little decreased, with ominous implications for religion. Then religious intellectuals and pious scientists have to play, on religion's behalf, "the pathetic game of give what must, hold what can."

No amiable dichotomy that insulates science from religion will satisfy us longer. There is something significant in the complaisance with which we accept as the tag for our time the phrase, "the age of science." The scientific method is gaining more ground in human affairs than we think. Even the fundamentalist goes scientific when something is wrong with his Ford; he wants to know cause and effect then.

Specifically, what is there in the scientific method, as apart from the practical results of scientific research, that influences so pervasively other realms of human experience, particularly philosophy and religion? The purpose of science, says Professor Burtt, is to establish dependable relations between things. Science believes in a system of universal law. Science is empirical—it has real respect for facts. Science is social, for it demands verification of facts; one scientist's experiment must, under right conditions, be repeatable by other scientists. And science is tentative; given new facts, it is quick to alter conclusions. Finally, science admires exactness; its present trend toward mathematical formulation is an expression of the desire for quantitative exactitude.

The effect of all this on philosophy has been notable. Up to the present generation, idealism has been the favorite philosophy of the western world. To-day, "among the younger philosophers who begin to engage attention in America, there is hardly an idealist to be found." The day belongs to pragmatism and realism, philosophies which have respect for facts, are tentative, and try to be exact.

Professor Burtt thinks that the pervasive scientific method will have a similar effect upon religion. The conflict between science and religion, as he envisages it, is a conflict of fundamental ideals as to what is of greatest value. Intellectual honesty and social verifiability in an atmosphere of tentativeness and coöperation, are the ideals of science. For religion, the ideal has been "personal salvation, attained by inflexible loyalty to some revered leader, institution, or doctrine." The two sets of ideals are hostile. Religion must be reformed from the ground up, "to the extent of becoming . . . harmonious with the spirit of science." The reformation will be hard; but it must and can come. Reverence for an idealized Christ may be kept, but beliefs about Jesus of Nazareth must not be dogmatic; the tentativeness of scientific thinking requires the admission that research may yet destroy the historicity of Jesus. And one should not dogmatize even about God, but should hold that concept, too, as socially verifiable, making one's faith contingent on common experience. "I should be willing to cast a temporary doubt, at least, on my own faith, to surrender God for myself, unless and until through the resolution of my friend's difficulties He could be rediscovered by us both." "In short, God's universality can be verified only by His universal discovery."

Here is, then, a clear account of one philosopher's prescription for an ailing religion to make it alive and well in a scientific age. The criticisms due from certain quarters are obvious: idealists will not like it, nor fundamentalists, nor the religious liberals who are yet "hanging on to the hind legs of antiquity." Professor Burtt thinks of religion as social and ethical. He sees as one of its important functions that of worship, and is quick to note that the very attenuation of the objects of worship which his program of reform demands is an obstacle to worship for very many people. One feels sure that he does not consider the "reformed" religion competent to give "the consolations of religion" to the mass of men or to satisfy those who must lean on authority. He is addressing what is to-day a minority, though it may be to-morrow's majority. His is a hard gospel, spoken only to those who find contemporary religion unsatisfactory.

A Study in the Morbid

ELVA. By DURWARD GRINSTEAD. New York: Covici-Friede. 1929.

Reviewed by MARGARET P. MONTAGUE

IN "Elva" Durward Grinstead makes his initial appearance in the field of fiction with a tale of witchcraft and morbid psychology as it exhibited itself—or as he has chosen to imagine that it did—in the historic New England witch hunts of the seventeenth century, with Cotton Mather the prime mover in the hunts. On this dark theme, setting before the reader a group of people in the grip of hysteria and terror—terror of everything, of the French, of the Indians, and the engulfing forests, of witches, of the devil, and even of God—the author has woven the story of his heroine, "Elva," carrying it through all the revolting exhibitions of her strained and malicious nature, up to the terrible climax in the final chapters.

The book is a savage and crudely written study in morbid feminine psychology. All three of the leading woman characters, "Elva," "Ann," and "Grazie Burroughs," are more or less unbalanced. If "Elva" herself is not actually so, the tendencies of her nature are strongly in that direction, while the other two are frankly so. 'Tis a mad world, my masters! But hardly as mad a one as Mr. Grinstead would have us believe in his book, and had he seen fit to depict at least one normal woman, the perversions of his neurotics would in the light of her sanity have showed up more clearly. Also, at least one of these characters, that of "Ann Putnam," goes back upon what the author has given us to understand about her. In the opening chapters she is depicted as insanely terrified of witches and witchcraft, while in the later part of the book, with nothing to indicate a change on her part, she is shown willingly attending meetings for the study of the black arts.

The book is crude and amateurish in style and construction, and Mr. Grinstead has been so negligent of his historic atmosphere as to permit himself the use of such modern slang as "stunt," "phaze," and "Kind—nothing!" while wishing the reader to believe that he is writing of the seventeenth century.

The unpleasantness of this dark tale, which in parts is almost intolerable, is faintly relieved by the sanity of the Christian religion as portrayed in the character of "George Burroughs," the unfortunate pastor of Salem Village, and in spite of its many literary defects one must concede to the story a certain repellent power to seize upon—indeed almost to terrify—the imagination. Whether or not this power lies with the author, or is merely inherent in the dreadful theme he has chosen, in view of his literary shortcomings it is difficult to say. In a second book, when he has more nearly mastered his craftsmanship, it may be possible to appraise Mr. Grinstead's talent.

Close upon the appointment of André Thérive as chief literary critic of the Paris *Temps* comes the publication of his novel, "Le Charbon Ardent" (Grasset). The sombre story is the chronicle of Jean Soreau, a bank clerk employed in an outer suburb of Paris.

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Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

A BOOK of proportions which should by no means be overlooked this winter is Charles Erskine Scott Wood's "The Poet in the Desert." In fact, the best two volumes of poetry, aside from that of Jeffers, to come from California recently seem to us to be Mr. Wood's and that of Miss Helen Hoyt, "Leaves of Wild Grape." In private life Miss Hoyt is now Mrs. Lyman, and she deals in her book, in sequence, with love and passion, childbirth and motherhood, the fundamental experiences of a woman as she has experienced them. But first I wish to speak of Charles Erskine Scott Wood's volume.

Here is a man, now elderly, who graduated from the West Point Military Academy, in his family tradition, some fifty years ago. He served in Indian campaigns in the Northwest and learned to know the wisdom of the Indians. He then practised law in Portland, Oregon, until some ten years ago. Now he and his wife, Sara Bard Field, herself a poet, live on the hills above Los Gatos in California, where they write and meditate their philosophies. We first knew Mr. Wood's name in the old *Masses,* to which he frequently contributed when we first came to New York. He is an entirely independent thinker and possesses something of the Shelleyan spirit so far as his radical social philosophy is concerned. He is also a distinguished artist in free verse and a valiant and witty opponent of all sham, as his other book, "Heavenly Discourse," indicates. Romain Rolland has called it "Voltairian." It is a book of prose, a book of profound satire. In "The Poet in the Desert" he also attacks the shams and crimes of our civilization, an indictment set forth in another fashion. His is, as Floyd Dell has said, "the expression of a large and noble mind." In his introduction to the present edition of "The Poet in the Desert" he tells us something of the history of the book and also why he has refused to remove from it the propaganda that his best counseler urged be omitted purely on artistic grounds. He must be himself, wholly himself, he says, and whatever "earthfooted" argument is set forth is no less part of himself than his imaginative flights.

There have been two previous editions of this poem of his which he has now "greatly augmented and revised" (in the words of Milton). The second edition was a rearrangement and revision of the first, and this third edition is an even greater one. His book has also appeared in German, Russian, and Ukrainian, as well as in a former English edition. All former editions are now out of print, and the Vanguard Press has done a notable thing in now bringing out a final and definitive version of this poem. It is a contribution to the permanent literature of our time. Its present state is the result of years of meditation. We shall not quote from it here because it is a symphony, to be read as a whole. In it you will find exaltation and the power upon the spirit of beautiful and impressive language. It dignifies the spirit of Man, and imbedded in it is a most sage and moving indictment of war.

Charles Erskine Scott Wood is a man of varieties of experience who has finally shaken himself free of everything that clogs and confines and warps the integrity of the clear-seeing mind. Now, in his high hermitage, he is happy in a far-seeing wisdom. He has known all sorts and conditions of men, men of action, men of thought, the greedy, the base, the blind, the underdog in many forms, the fanatic, the dreamy idealist, the younger inspiring men with plans and aspirations for a better commonwealth. He has extended his sympathy to many sorts and kinds. We believe that, though before the remarkably wide sale of "Heavenly Discourse" he was not so widely known as he should have been for his contribution to the thought of our time, now, with the final publication of his poetic work, he will become more and more recognized as one of the commanding spirits in our present literature.

Helen Hoyt's "Leaves of Wild Grape" is a mature book, it is a ripe human document. It sums up a woman's whole early experience in love and life. Miss Hoyt has been writing for a number of years. Her work first appeared in a number of magazines during what has been called the Poetic Renaissance in America which began around 1914. For many years Miss Hoyt was associated with Miss Harriet Monroe on the staff of the magazine, *Poetry,* and she was also an editor of Alfred Kreymborg's magazine, *Others.* Much of her earlier work seemed to us the expression of a sex-starved temperament. It also seemed to us that she wrote with too great facility. Of recent years her selection from her work, "Apples Here in My Basket," gathered together some of her best poems. But in our opinion the maturity and accomplished versification of "Leaves of Wild Grape" surpasses anything she has done heretofore. The book is divided into five sections, consisting of a group of poems each with a separate title, but the book is really to be read as a whole, as a progress of love. It is a fine presentation of normal, healthy emotion; it has its roots in the common experience of all normal women. The phrasing does not often impress with unusual brilliance, but the cumulative effect of the book is impressive. It comes from the firm of Harcourt, Brace.

An interesting volume to contrast with Miss Hoyt's is "Black Bread," poems by Patience Ross (Houghton Mifflin). This is a book of no such substance. It also illustrates the opposite feminine point of view. It is cleverer than Miss Hoyt's, it is slighter. It deals with love thwarted, with disillusionments. The poems are not infrequently well-turned. We will quote one that seems to us to go to greater depths than most of the others. One might say roughly that Miss Hoyt has a "yea-saying" attitude toward life and that Miss Ross is fundamentally a "nay-sayer." Both attitudes have their reasons and their value. In the closest intimacy of love some temperaments find fulfilment, some find an underlying sense of tragic estrangement of individualities that can never be merged to sustain and enrich each other. Miss Ross's is the latter view:

I am naked now. But strip me of flesh and skin
If you would hold the skeleton within,
If you would couple with my bones, Lover.
But still the secret is not to discover.
No uttermost riving is there that shall prove
The force by which worms and the planets move.
Each of us islanded in the separate mind
Huddles eternally deaf and dumb and blind.
So let us strain together and quench the fire.
Let us brim and drain the cup of our desire,
Until with the height of the highest moment gone
Sleep grants our urgency oblivion.

Whereas Miss Hoyt takes the attitude that

Now we have spoken,
Now we are linked
By a secret language,
Sacred, distinct. . . .

No link of spoken word
Joins with such union,
With such intermediate
Ineffable communion.

So far as versification goes, Miss Ross's brief statements are usually well-wrought. In general one might say that her bitterest poems are her best. Which reminds us of two lines from Oliver Gogarty's book, "Wild Apples,"

Here are wild apples,
Here's a tart crop!

A. E. writes a short introduction to Gogarty. The book appeared in Ireland recently in a small edition. Now Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith have very attractively prepared it for the American market. Dr. Gogarty lately received a national Irish prize for his verse.

A. E. speaks in his usual charming way of his friend. He hopes that the wit of Gogarty's earlier verses will later on return "without frightening away the beauty" of these present ones whose principal qualities he finds to be airiness and luminosity. That is true of them at times, though there also frequently is definite and delicate carving. Take, for instance, this verse from "With a Coin from Syracuse,"

The curved and curtal lip
Full in companionship
With that lip's overplus,
Proud and most sumptuous.

Such lines Landor would have been proud to sign.

The curious hands are lost
On the sweet Asian coast.

Such poems as "To a Cock" and "The Nettle" have a wilfulness all there own and a fine tang to the mind. So has the "Pithy Prayer against Love" and "O Boys, O Boys!" To reformers Gogarty exclaims:

Tell me you who would design a
Perfect Paradise for man,
Could it better be than China,
In the days of Kubla Khan?

But sometimes his rhymes are too strained entirely, as in "Portrait with Background." They halt the attention instead of increasing it. We should say off-hand that this *was* rather a crab-apple of a book, and none the worse for that, except that not often is there the complete precision one is led to hope for.

Recommended:

THE TOWER. By WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS. Macmillan. 1928.

COLLECTED POEMS OF MARGARET WIDDEMER. Harcourt, Brace. 1928.

WORDS AND POETRY. By GEORGE RYLANDS. Payson & Clarke. 1928.

Russia thinks of revising her alphabet. According to the "Izvestia," and the official organ of the Soviet Government, three special Sub-Commissions have been attached to the Glavnauka, the head scientific department, to prepare a reform of Russian orthography, and work out a scheme for the substitution of the Latin alphabet for the present Cryrillic.

Sir E. Denison Ross, Director of the School of Oriental Studies, commenting on the proposal, in an interview with a representative of the London *Observer,* explained that the Russian alphabet was devised by St. Cyril, patron of the Russian Church.

"In this alphabet," he said, "though taking Greek and Latin as the basis, he invented a number of consonants expressing sounds which cannot be represented by single letters either in Latin or Greek—for instance, the sound of *sh* and *ch*, the sound of *stch*, and the sound of *ts*. For these sounds which cannot be represented by a single letter, he invented signs, with the result, in my humble opinion, that the Russian alphabet is the most sensible one in the world, because it has one sign for one sound."

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Points of View

Constance Fenimore Woolson

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

May I give my hearty thanks for the letter on "Sympathetic Art" which appeared in a recent number of the *Review?* The article was sent me by a friend—as it chanced that Mr. Hervey's feeling about Miss Glasgow's recent novel was so very similar to my own. The letter was so much more than criticism—and I hope that its charming commentary on literature and life has given many readers of the *Review* as much pleasure as it gave me. I feel, also, that he has done a great service to American literature in his appreciation of the novels and short stories of Constance Fenimore Woolson.

It is very strange that this writer, who easily overtops all the woman writers of the United States, who was an artist in the technique of the novel, whose knowledge of human nature was as profound as it was sympathetic, and whose psychology was as true and subtle as her sense of dramatic values, should never have received from her own country the high place her work deserves.

An awakening is sure to come—for fine work is a form of spiritual gold that can never be lost. Miss Woolson's books would not appeal to those who admire Miss Glasgow. Her work, while distinctly individual, is comparable with that of Miss Austen and George Eliot. Though she wrote in the period just after the Civil War, her characters, of the South as of the North, are presented without prejudice, and with the clarity that belongs to the great artist alone. Read "East Angels," and "Jupiter Lights," where the keen, narrow, cold faithfulness of New England's characteristic types—as dependable and as enduring as blue steel—is wonderfully presented beside the indolent and irresponsible charm and grace of the defeated South. No American woman writer—excepting Miss Cather, and, in a high degree, the greatest of the New England story-tellers, Sarah Orne Jewett—has ever caught the supremely right note for the characterization of American types as Miss Woolson has. They are American—true to whatever part of the country. "Horace Chase"—the man—is like a portrait by Sargent; and Garda Thorne has been called by a great critic "A creation unique and original—a type absolutely new in literature."

It is not only her characters, but as well the scenic note in her stories that haunts one unforgettably. The spell of Florida, with the old accents of Spanish ruins, Indians, and the tropics, is the tangible atmosphere of "East Angels." The dramatic note of the country is vivid in the description of Monnlungs Swamp, of the Pine Barrens, of the drenching sweetness of an orange orchard in full bloom. "East Angels" is one of the great novels of literature, and it is also an interpretation of country as perfect as anything ever done for England by Thomas Hardy. What she did for the Lake region is as wonderful. Beautiful Mackinac is presented with the same fidelity and charm in the exquisite "Lake Country Sketches." Her magical Italian stories belong to a later time—just before her death, and it would be hard to find more perfect or finished examples of what a short story should be than "The Front Yard," "A Transplanted Boy," "A Pink Villa," "Dorothy," or "At the Château of Corinne."

There has been a revival for Anthony Trollope—there will surely be one for Constance Fenimore Woolson!

M. HARRIS.

Montgomery, Ala.

Keats and a Fellow Student

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

With a small company, half English, half American, I happened to visit the Keats House in Hampstead last May. On the wall of its front room hangs a facsimile manuscript page giving a list of "Dressers to the Surgeons entered at Guy's Hospital," and containing, opposite the date "1816, March" the name of John Keats. To this document a young Englishman of the party called my attention with the remark, "Here's somebody from your town—'Boston, North America.'" It was considerably to my surprise that on looking at the line embodying this address I read, against the date "1815, Oct. 1," and directly above the name of John Keats, that of John White Webster.

It had never occurred to me that the unhappily famous Dr. Webster, Professor in the Harvard Medical School, and murderer of his colleague, Dr. George Parkman, could have been subjected in his earlier days to any of the influences which contributed to the making of Keats, and this fact appears to have escaped the attention of all the students of Keats who have traced his companionships from the beginning to the end. Yet there can be no doubt that the Webster of Guy's Hospital was the Webster of the Parkman murder, and that he and Keats were students at Guy's at the same time.

For the definite substantiation of this fact I am indebted to a reply from Sir William Hale-White, the distinguished physician associated as such with Guy's Hospital since 1890, to an inquiry on my behalf from my friend Mr. Louis A. Holman, of Boston. From Sir William's letter to Mr. Holman I make bold to copy a paragraph that answered a specific question, and removes, incidentally, any doubts regarding the status of Keats in the honorable profession of healing:

"The Apothecaries Society in 1815 obtained an Act of Parliament which enabled it to grant a diploma making the holders eligible to practise medicine and surgery, so you are right in saying that his (Keats's) holding this allowed him to practise as apothecary, physician, and surgeon, for becoming an apothecary allowed the other two; so he was quite right when he said he could be a surgeon on an Indiaman. Passing his examination made him a member of the Apothecaries Society and consequently gave him the right to practise in both medicine and surgery."

This is apart from the point which interested me chiefly in the unexpected juxtaposition of the names of Webster and Keats. However intimate or casual their association may have been, it is perhaps worth noting that out of the common influences to which they were exposed at an important point in their education, there was no flowering of the murderer in Keats, or of the poet in Webster.

M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE.

Washington, D. C.

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and others.

On Discovering Greatness

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

Having just read Dr. Bliss Perry's article in the *Review* of November 30, "Salmon Not Running," I am struck with his quotation of President Butler's conviction "that there is today in the world no great poet, no great philosopher and no great religious leader," and with Dr. Perry's concurrence with that opinion, as being so singularly the opinion of the existing Academies of the world at the precise time, when, as history shows, great poets, great philosophers, and great religious leaders were doing their work. Who knew anything important about Shakespeare when he was writing? What head of what School knew anything of the obscure Jew afterward known as Jesus, either while he was teaching or for two hundred years afterward? As for philosophers, who rose up to dash the hemlock from the steady hand?

Hasn't it been the trouble always with schools and scholars that they have never learned how to recognize greatness when it came? Even though that is one of the supposed functions of schools and scholars? Isn't this total despair of the Children of the Light That Was, one of the invariable symptoms of the Light around Us, shining in darkness and the darkness comprehending it not? I do not know where the great philosopher is, nor yet the great religious teacher, although I recognize the signs of his being near, undiscovered, or about to be. But I do seem to discover the great poet, a poet of Greek dimensions in Robinson Jeffers. At least I feel that no undergraduate need feel under any obligation to forego the thrill of being alive in his time.

Lately I have been lecturing about at universities, and I am struck with the prevailing failure to provide criterions of greatness in our time which pants so for the missing quality. And I am beginning to feel strongly that it is not enough for them to say Ah, well, nobody ever did recognize greatness when it was alive. Suppose doctors should complacently say, Nobody ever did know what to do for yellow fever or malaria? Must universities rest content with their status of the Committee on the Estimates of Values of Stolen Horses from the Dimensions of their Empty Stalls?

Wouldn't it be possible for *The Review* to persuade one of those liberal gentlemen who offer prizes on How to Enforce Prohibition or The Peace Prospect, to offer one on the best suggestion for Recognizing Greatness in Time to Make Living Use of It. Anyway, I should like to see it tried.

MARY AUSTIN.

Santa Fe.

From a Graduate Student

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

In reply to a letter on graduate study appearing in the *Saturday Review of Literature* some time ago, I wish to write a few words in behalf of the graduate attitude and of many graduate students whose feet are kept in the "donkey-path of the bucket-pump," but whose smothered spirits long to breathe in the Periclean heights of culture. At the present time, I am a graduate student in a California University, strangely enough, and, with not a few of my colleagues, I thirst for the class which gives high educational inspiration. Having finished our education, must we look back saying:

I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste.

The professor who wrote the above-mentioned letter appears to be trying conscientiously to give his students what will mean the most to them. After his experiment, he draws some severe, but unmerited and unprofessional, conclusions concerning the graduate student. I am wondering if a professor whose philosophy of his relation to the student is that of setting "their donkey-power to turning a bucket-pump on the flats" would give sufficient inspiration to them during a course to result in voluntary work of the student. If this professor feels forced to the fatalistic conclusion that students "lack that sort of ability," meaning creative or critical, I wish to take emphatic exception. "Buds of literary talent" are crushed, or they are, at least, not nourished by inspiration and example. If I am to follow the reasoning of this professor, I must conclude that the fault of the situation is that our instructors have trod the path of the Ph.D., wherein travel no born writers, and are using "their capacity for plugging" to "turn the bucket-pump" to "suck up" more "donkey-power." I eschew such a conception of education.

In my humble estimation, there is a sad failing in our graduate work if it does not attract, serve, and equip the "born writer, whether creator or critic." There evidently must be some mystic realm where the greater men of civilization are privileged to unfold. If such there be, the educator might well discover its open sesame to achievement. Of one thing I am convinced: it is not through the haunting compulsion of the collateral report. "Wisdom is the ripe fruit of much reflection."

Nevertheless, "I am persuaded better things of you." Though the professor in the graduate school may find "ambitious mediocrities," is it not better that these lift their eyes unto the hills in aspiration and soul uplift, even though their feet tread the common path, than that they wind about in the alleys of achievement when they might, with little effort, be walking the King's highway? Let us flee the "donkey" philosophy and nourish human souls! To the high spirit of learning I say,

Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
Give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.

A GRADUATE STUDENT.

Los Angeles, Calif.

On Annotations

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

A reviewer in your paper not long ago complained of not getting enough commentary. He said "The apparatus to make a poem thoroughly intelligible would be difficult to write, it is true, but it could have been written briefly and I think it should."

The point of view seems to be that the commentary would be laborious work, and doubtless could not be done by everybody, but all that the editor has to do is to decide that it shall be done, and either sit down to do it or employ a man with a good reputation for scholarship, and done it will be.

I protest. Commentary-writing is not a thing that can be done by whoever is trained to it. Genius for commentary-writing is about as rare as genius for writing poetry, and a commentary written without genius is hardly more tolerable than a poem written without genius.

The public understands that a commentator must either be acquainted with the things his author refers to or else be able to find them in books of reference. Defaults in this are commoner than they should be, but they are recognized as defaults. The critical part of the public understands also that he must recognize which of these facts the public needs to be told, so that he will neither waste space in telling us that the Pyrenees are mountains between France and Spain nor neglect to tell us, if it happens to be pertinent to his text, that passes where a traveler can cross the range are much fewer in the Pyrenees than in the Alps and other mountains. At this point intelligence in commentators begins to grow rare.

The foremost and rarest qualification of the commentator is that he be able to read. It is universally assumed that a college graduate will be able to read his own mother tongue well enough to get the intended sense from a passage of ordinary plain prose. The assumption is utterly unsafe. Much truer to fact was the story that the *American Magazine* printed as fiction some years ago, of a man who devoted a not quite inconsiderable part of his life to proving to all sorts of people that they did not read a letter to get its sense before they answered it. I have read—nay, I have had to help about printing—a book which explicitly recommended that readers should deliberately form the habit of skipping over the little connecting words in order to read faster.

A really first-class annotator ought himself to write intelligibly, if possible even interestingly, as well as concisely. There are men of much reputation in different lines of thought who could not pass this test.

And your reviewer talks as if one could be sure of getting a competent commentary by giving the job to the best man one knew of. One could try; it might be a success, and if so, the world would be in luck.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

With a specially designed camera, the Rev. Samuel A. B. Mercer is proceeding to the half civilized parts of Abyssinia to photograph copies of the Old Testament in the Ethiopian language that have been in possession of the Coptic monasteries for hundreds of years.

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A Letter from Italy

By Samuel Putnam

ITALIAN literature at the moment is dead, by its own authoritative critical and common journalistic confession. As to just what relation is to be discovered between this state of affairs and the Fascist régime, that is a subject which is not, ordinarily, dwelt upon at any length, for reasons which should be obvious enough; yet one detects an undertone that occasionally breaks forth in fairly frank statement.

By way of example, in a work which has just been published on Italian letters in the twentieth century, "Le Lettere Italiane del Nostro Secolo" (Libreria d'Italia, Milan), Signor Camillo Pellizi, a thoroughly documented, painstaking, and intellectually honest writer, after a sympathetic consideration of individual authors, can only declare: "A vital Italian literature does not exist." And after remarking that the century was born "with a little balm of poetry," the same critic concludes: "The contemporary Italian theatre is expressive of contemporary Italy, above all in that it is expressive of very little." Commenting on this, a reviewer in *L'Italia che Scrive* (Rome) observe that Signor Pellizi's documents are quite too convincing to permit of any facile refutation.

And yet, one journeying from Paris to Milan, if he is acquainted with the language of the peninsula and at all familiar with the modes of thought and expression of the people, cannot but be struck by the varieties of the phenomenon of literary "death." In Paris, one hears no talk of moribundity; but pick up *Les Nouvelles Littéraires*, *La Nouvelle Revue Française* (not to mention, longer, the *Mercure*) or, even, any of the "young" *cahiers*, where one might look at least for a certain adolescent zest—pick them up, and see what you find. In Italy, on the other hand, every one is talking of death, which may not be an unhopeful sign in a graveyard.

Writing Italy, for one thing, like the Italy of action, is now engaged in a serious-seeming struggle with the spectre of "foreign influence," and with the effort to combat, to adjust, to assimilate that refluence. The young men, the militant *Novecentisti* and the members of the *Ronda* and *Solaria* groups in particular, have in large part kicked up the row, through an attempt to propel the young native literature in the general direction of Valéry, Joyce, Proust, and Gide, and a statement of their position by Elio Vittorini, in a recent number of *L'Italia Letteraria* (formerly, *La Fiera Letteraria* of Milan and Rome, now published in Rome), provoked an ardent attack on the part of the old guard, still devoted to the tradition of Leopardi, Carducci, and Manzoni. (Leopardi, by the way, is altogether likely to be caught up by the "less than thirty"; he would seem to belong.) In discussing this vexing question of "*esotismo*," G. B. Angioletti, the broad-minded editor responsible for the publication of Vittorini's article—he was severely criticized for lending his columns for the purpose—reaches the conclusion that "it is time to desist from two equally dangerous sorts of rhetoric, one having to do with regionalism and the other with 'exoticism'."

In passing, it may be noted that this modern Proust-Joyce-Gide-Valéry urge—an impulsion toward what the unfavorable critic is likely to refer to as the "*nebuloso*," the sympathetic one as a "*realismo illuminato*"—is in manner a development, however far a one it may seem, of Croce and Papini, Soffici (who appears to be undergoing a resurrection, probably due to Papini, at the moment), Palezzeschi, and, in general, the early-century *La Voce* group and its radiations; and it is Joyce's friend, Italo Svevo, who has given the effective push. As a result, the young writers of Italy to-day, whatever their elders may find to say about the matter, are continuing to gaze beyond the frontiers of their own country; and to them, it seems not in the least unnatural, in looking for poetic nourishment, to associate the name of Leopardi with those of Beaudelaire, Rimbaud, and Mallarmé,—for the young must have their precursors, even if, like the French *Surréalistes*, they have to dig up an Isidore Ducasse.

In any event, there is noticeable, certainly in the young literature, a distinct note of what Huysmans would have termed "*aération*."

"We are suffering from a number of literary ills," says Angioletti, "which could be cured by the simple process of keeping the windows open."

But keeping the windows open is, conceivably, not the same thing as keeping the door too widely and too constantly ajar. Present-day Italy is suffering, according to her own vociferous complaint, from a veritable flood of translated foreign works. The native output, the cry goes up, is in a way to being swamped, home talent standing small chance against the glittering best-seller from abroad, whether that best-seller be "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," "The Green Hat," "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," or "The Benson Murder Case." The successful foreign-comer demands a price for his product of which the indigenous author never would dare to dream. Not only that, the Italian publisher is willing to spend, in publicizing the imported novelty, sums which he would not think of laying out upon one of his countrymen.

Translations, there can be no doubt, are hastily and often unintelligently purchased and made; and the result is, the entire publishing business in Italy has fallen into some disrepute. The old criticism is heard concerning incompetent advisers of the literary-hack type, etc., while one esteemed journal goes so far as to assert that the publishers are men who, if they were not making bad books, would be making equally bad soap. As for the foreign publisher, the complaint runs, he has come to look upon Italy merely as a colonial possession. Thoughtful critics of the scene would not object, never have objected, to the vernacular rendering of works which may be said to represent the creative travail of the outside world; but they feel that the time has come, "in this, the eighth year of the Fascist Era," to draw the line somewhere.

Among the practises which one hears condemned is that of giving simultaneous publication to a work in Italian and in other languages, a case in point being Papini's "Sant' Agostino," the French, Spanish, Dutch, and English versions of which have been scheduled to appear at the same time as the original.

In the meanwhile, Italy's grand old man, Benedetto Croce, and his by now historic organ, *La Critica*, are carrying on, the review now entering upon its twenty-seventh year. Croce himself is beginning the publication of a series of essays on Italian poetry from the *trecento* to the *cinquecento*. In this series, he proposes to deal, specifically, with the relations between the popular and the artistic poetry. Of the other reviews, *Il Convegno* of Milan and *Il Pegaso* of Florence remain anthological in character.

That the Italy of today, however, has not utterly forgotten d'Annunzio and the things he stood for, is indicated by the offer of a 50,000 lire prize for the best straight biography (literature and criticism being excluded) of the one-time unofficial *duce* which may be turned in to the Casa Editrice Mondadori on or before October 30, 1930. It is stipulated that the book is to be fortified with all the essential documents. The competition is limited to Italian writers, and the prize is offered by Enrico Garda, San Marino envoy at Paris. As for the young *Rondisti* and their kind, it is not difficult to imagine that they will think of a gesture such as his.

In conclusion, the attentive observer from the outside is inclined to the opinion that, in spite of any reactions or counter-reactions, in spite of any undue "foreign" influence,—despite, for one thing, a distressingly clever school of writers springing up in the wake of Morand, Arlen, and Dekobra, of which we have a sample in Carlo Linati's newly published "La Principessa delle Stelle,"—in spite of it all, Italy is not dead, so long as Croce lives.

Emil Ludwig has written to the Editor of the London *Observer* that he has recently been reading a book of much importance, "Its author," writes Herr Ludwig, "is Hermann Kantorowicz, Professor of Law in the University of Kiel, a signal champion of our young Republic and much attacked himself on that very account. His work is called "The Spirit of English Policy and the Spectre of Germany's Encirclement' ('Der Geist der Englischen Politik und das Gespenst der Einkreisung Deutschlands,' Ernst Rowohlt, Berlin). The book is in two quite different parts. The first, over 300 pages long, is a study of the English political spirit in its various aspects— philosophic, psychological, racial, historical, social. This by itself might have made a separate volume. The second part, filling 130 pages, applies the general conclusions to a special case; and with terse but brilliant force it dispels the 'myth of encirclement' by English policy under King Edward."

Geneva and the League

LES AUGURES DE GÉNÈVE. By René Benjamin. Paris: Fayard. 1929.

L'ESPRIT DE GÉNÈVE. By Robert de Traz. Paris: Grasset. 1929.

Reviewed by Harry D. Gideonse
Rutgers University

GENEVA has been unfortunate thus far in its "literature." The novelists and essayists who have been attracted to its international life have been of an unsympathetic nature: Rouff, de Flers, and now again René Benjamin. In a way it is a sign of the developing significance of the League and its associated organizations. Those who fear the possible future of the "oldest daughter of the Peace treaties" have been sending their sharpest pens to recent Assemblies to pick flaws wherever they might be found. Benjamin, novelist and critic of established conservative and nationalistic reputation, was sent to Geneva for the Assembly of 1928, by one of the most chauvinistic dailies of Paris. The "Augures de Génève is the result of this pilgrimage, published in more permanent form than the original journalistic sketches.

Benjamin's sketches of personalities and of the general setting will delight anyone who has attended some of the League meetings. There is an acute picture of the social and lobbying aspects of the machinery, a series of brilliant—although practically all unsympathetic—pen pictures of the leading personalities, such as Briand, Politis, Loucheur, Paul Boncour, Schubert, Albert Thomas. The picture of the meeting of the Budgetary Commission with the accumulating criticism of the budget of the International Labor Organization, and finally, the overwhelming and magnetic defense of Director Thomas has given a permanent form to what is becoming one of the traditions of the Assembly.

The author is curiously unable to see that most of his vitriolic comment is primarily the logical outcome of his own premises. Starting with an aversion against the materialist tendency of present-day civilization, with a complete distrust of the democratic ideal of comfort and higher standards of living, he sees in the Geneva organizations the crystallization of all he despises: economic and financial reconstruction, health work, labor standards, etc. All of it is sneeringly described as "*dé-ratisation*," with a reference to one of the many little by-products of the League's work, in this case a conference for the control on an international scale of the rat plague in harbors and international shipping.

M. Benjamin's hatred for all Germans is exceeded in intensity by only one other emotion: his despisal of his own M. Briand and all his works. In contrast there is his admiration for Scialoja, the Italian member of the Council, who "represents a Government," and not merely "a public opinion."

The book has the great merit of being exceedingly readable, however, and it does convey a sense of the *milieu* which it describes.

Robert de Traz's contribution is of an entirely different character. The editor of the *Revue de Génève* has made a heroic effort to place between two covers just what makes Geneva a different place and setting for international negotiations from any other city. It is first of all a historical study—the story of the city of refuge, of a somewhat cold but tough-textured tradition of respect for intellectual differences, of the evolution of the International Red Cross and its association with Geneva. Then study of the Geneva "method" is made. It is based on the impressions of a well-informed amateur, and has both the virtues and defects of this fact. Sometimes the aroma is a bit naïve, M. de Traz has not—as the Dutch say—"eaten any cheese" with economic problems, and he faces them with a certain simplicity. But there is no better picture to be found anywhere of the general spirit and procedure of the Geneva secretariat, its preparatory work, its setting of over fifty private and semi-private international organizations and their headquarters.

The book is not as sparkling and brilliant as the sketches of Benjamin. It is well-written, however, and based upon a deeper and broader study. It deserves translation into English for those amongst the thousands who flock every year to Calvin's town and who desire to see more than the mere fixtures of what was once a Swiss hotel building on the *Quai du Mont-Blanc* and is now the Headquarters of the League on the *Quai Wilson*.

In the Winter

YALE REVIEW

The American National Quarterly

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The Wit's Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 75. Encyclopædia Britannica Ode as previously announced.

Competition No. 76. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best short rhymed poem called "First Flight." (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, not later than the morning of January 13.)

Attention is called to the Rules printed below.

COMPETITION No. 71

The prize for the best rendering of "Old King Cole" as Gibbon might have written it has been divided equally between Homer M. Parsons, Alfred H. Holt, and Fletcher Pratt for the versions printed below.

THE WINNING ENTRIES

I—By HOMER M. PARSONS

OF the various titles which have been called upon to lend dignity to the rulers of Rome, that of king seems to have furnished less satisfaction, and more distrust, than the others. Unmindful of, or rather inattentive to, the whisperings of the populace, Cole wore the crown upon all occasions, in direct violation of the national prejudice; and when the whisperings, by their magnitude and volume, forced themselves upon his attention, he took refuge in merry peals of laughter. Experience of his predecessors taught him nothing; nor did the counsels, however urgent, of his ministers and friends in the senate, dispose him toward gravity of mien and dignity of conduct.

A popular politician adheres with invariable respect to the appearance of sobriety, and observes discretion in his moments of intoxication, concealing behind closed doors his intemperate abuse of the flask, his occasional lapses from chastity, and even his moderate indulgence in tobacco. But King Cole, afflicted with honesty, frankness, and mirth, made no secret of the desires of his nature. With deplorable candor and unaffected amusement he summoned narcotic and stimulant to his aid: his pipe his bowl, and three fiddlers from the imperial orchestra, served to revive his flagging spirits, and liberate the capricious prodigality of his laughter. Reclining at ease in the midst of his enjoyments, his attitude toward the virtues of hypocrisy was, to say the least, contemptuous and scornful, expressed by the application of his thumb to, and the extension of his vigorous fingers away from, the tip of his nose. New songs, new wines, and new blendings of tobacco signalized his reign, and transmitted his infamy to succeeding eras of rightousness.

II—By ALFRED H. HOLT

King Cole, not inappropriately denominated "The Merry," ascended the throne in 1261 B.C., in the ninety-fourth year of his age. Perhaps never in the history of the Myopian Empire had there been a ruler more jovial, more indulgent, or more universally beloved; but it may be seriously questioned whether the boundless despotism of a tyrant might not have been exercised more happily for the future of the Empire at this critical period. Whatever may be the temptations that nature either prompts or reprobates, a king who has reached years of discretion does well to consider of paramount importance the affairs of his country, external as well as internal; for while this venerable monarch was making merry, an ignominious fate was approaching by insensible gradations. A philosophic age might excuse a single vice. But when we learn that this royal, if aged, lover of buffoonery and dissipation declared his intentions of enjoying the fragrant Virginia weed, we are not unnaturally led to fear an impending catastrophe, the realization of which is not long in being fulfilled. For the flowing bowl is next demanded; and as if this were not enough to complete the degradation of a man who might, but for his easy licentiousness, have been a good, even a great, king, we are not left without an intimation as to what constituted the final and fatal step in the descent to Arvernus; in the simple yet poignant words of Garbagius, "he called for his fiddlers three."*

*The ensuing orgies may with more propriety be described in a learned tongue: Mica, mica, parva stella, etc., etc., etc.

III—By FLETCHER PRATT

The ancient monarch, indifferent or deaf to the call of alarms, passed his hours in unworthy dalliance amid the ceaseless cachinations of imitative mirth that rose from a subservient court; *Bitumenarius* was indeed old and infirm, and he might for this reason be absolved of blame by the historian for not buckling the armor on his own back and venturing forth to the field of honor; but neither his age, which should have taught him wisdom, nor his infirmities, which should have been more nobly borne, nor the just reputation for a grateful acceptance of whatever favors Providence might vouchsafe him, could exculpate the effrontery with which he publicly yielded to the vice of the pipe. It is even declared (1) that he called aloud for tobacco in open court.

When under the influence of the weed, Bitumenarius was also in the habit of indulging in the pleasures of the bowl; and thus one vice contributed to the encouragement and propagation of the other as Ate drives Pyrochles on in the lines of the greatest of allegorical poets. But the old king had one virtue which went far to redeem his vices. In his most degraded moments, when tobacco and alcohol had conspired to deprive him of every appearance of a great ruler, and had reduced him to a tavern dotard, his better nature would so far regain the ascendancy that he would cause to be summoned before him the three exquisite musicians, (2) whose names have shed around the memory of their unworthy lord an imperishable halo of artistic renown.

(1) Ibid. 31:42-5 Ut quisquid quidquis, etc.

(2) Ibid. 104, 1-XI.

I could make no final choice between the three renderings printed above, although Mr. Parsons would have taken the whole prize by a small margin if he had not permitted Gibbon two uncharacteristic phrases—"merry peals of laughter" and "behind closed doors." The word "flask" was a lapse, too; otherwise he achieves phrases of fine parody. Tom Henry, Dalnar Devening, and David Heathestone are all commended and I liked but could not admit the close burlesque by Charles D. Cameron which began—"Advanced in years, the sovereign Cole existed as a jocose and antiquated immortal being. Moreover, as a jocose and antiquated immortal being, he existed."

RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified. Envelopes should be addressed to Edward Davison, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. The Editor's decision is final, and *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Fiction

PRISONERS OF THE FOREST. By SIR HUGH CLIFFORD. Harpers. 1929. $2.50.

A novel, giving an insight into Malay life by a real authority, a former member of the Malayan Civil Service, naturally proves interesting. This, however, is most valuable for the reflections upon Malay character and methods which show why the Malay has failed to succeed in the competition of races and has never built up a civilization, remaining often subject to other races, in spite of his gifts as a fighter. The ferocity, which makes him so feared, is clearly brought out in the accounts of the battles between the Dutch and the unsubdued Achehnese of Sumatra.

The inevitable love story is too much elaborated, but this is compensated for by the descriptions of the effect of life among the Malay upon an adventurous young Englishman and upon a wrecked "beachcomber." The characters of a number of Malays are well shown, especially their inability to understand the ethics and scruples of the British.

The hero, expecting to find simplicity, beauty, and freedom among this uncivilized people, sees instead oppression by the chiefs, sensuality, stupidity, and dissension. "Their moral and mental inferiority revealed itself at every turn—in the ineptitude and inefficiency of their systems, in their lack of self-mastery, in their inability to resist sordid temptations, in their complete want of discipline, in the absence of all the higher, more altruistic qualities whereby men may rule their fellows; above all in their hopeless incontinuity of purpose."

A book of this kind is, perhaps, the easiest way to secure some insight into Malay character.

STRICTLY PERSONAL. By JULIE CLOSSON KENLY. Appleton. 1929. $2.

This is a very sharp, two-edged novel. It is written all on the side of the angels, but it records both minutely and spectacularly the goings on of the imps. It has its audience waiting for it. Readers who enjoy the risqué but can accept it only when it is presented from a disapproving standpoint will find "Strictly Personal" admirably moulded to their hearts' desires. The book takes the form of a diary written by a bright young creature who writes herself down on one line as scant eighteen and between every line as scanter fourteen. She is smart and witty in her expression, while painfully moronic in what she expresses. Cocktails and flirtations are her idea of sin, and pertness and sentimentality her idea of its opposite. The book is rich in all of these. The little heroine succeeds in vamping a man old enough to be her father—or perhaps it is grandfather—and the long, long thoughts she has about him and about love will bring a blush to the cheek of many a hardened reader. In spite of which the book is so amusingly written that one laughs perforce at this wise-cracking little descendent of Elsie Dinsmore. An English reviewer in commenting on "Strictly Personal" remarked that Americans seem to derive much entertainment from these journals of young morons; can he have thought that the immortal blonde whom gentlemen preferred was written with the same high purpose as the present exhibit?

THE MAN WHO PRETENDED. By W. B. MAXWELL. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.50.

Oswald Raikes was very well aware that he was not a good man, nor a generous, nor brave, nor self-sacrificing, and in order to keep the rest of the world from finding it out he was continually making gestures to prove the contrary. He gave up his money, his love, his liberty, his ambition, one after the other, always hating to do it, but yielding to that necessity that he had of making a grand gesture. And, strangely enough, every one was deceived into believing that his actions denoted the real man. He achieved success in ways that he had not sought it, riches in unexpected manner, a wife by accident, friends by deceit, and fame by misunderstanding. He was always pretending, always making good. People came to expect things of him and he could not bear to disappoint them.

He acquired power, exerted prestige, swung national enterprises, became an officer during the war when he might have slacked on the ground of his age, came through it proudly when he was frightened to death the whole time, and was run over, in the end, while rescuing a little girl from a motor lorry. Lying in the hospital and preparing to die, he was rather glad of the fact that now he would no longer have to pretend, when in came his lifelong friend, Alec Clayton, and "The Men Who Pretended" learned that his pretense had always been seen through by one at least of his circle, and much to his own surprise he was convinced by Clayton that he had become the person he had pretended to be. But it was rather too much to accept in his enfeebled condition, and W. B. Maxwell leaves him resorting to the subterfuge of "pretending that he wants to live," and one feels sure that he is going to make good once more.

The blurb states this to be "a very clever novel," and the blurb, as usual, is wrong. It is a delightful book, but it is also something more, for the meditative reader may see in it aptly illustrated the philosopher's admonition to "become what you are."

HARD LIBERTY. By ROSALIND MURRAY. Harcourt, Brace. 1929. $2.50.

In general outline, "Hard Liberty" is very much like Shirley Watkins's "This Poor Player." The two novels present the problem of second-rate genius, genius that is impotent, lacking direction and self-confidence. Miss Murray's Jim Robson is a perfect example of what we have been taught to call introversion; she shows Jim to us as retiring, self-conscious, egocentric, without the ability to get any one thing quite done. Jim believes that he finds the only value in life in the cool, sure abstractions of mathematics and physics; throughout the novel we watch him struggle, more and more feverishly, to develop his theory of light and space. Yet he sinks always lower into intellectual swampland, finally going under completely when at last he is pitifully attempting to explain his theory to a scientific meeting. His suicide is tragic and moving, the only dignified act of his life.

Miss Murray, daughter of Professor Gilbert Murray, writes acceptably. Her novel lacks continuity, and there are a good many dreary stretches, but she perseveres with earnestness and with a pleasing breadth of interest. The atmosphere of the novel is far from stuffy; it gives us the England of before and during the war, as well as the more familiar England of gracious countryside. The lesser characters, especially Jim's wife, Anne, are well-conceived; Jim himself is plainly a fool, and only in the later chapters do we find ourselves able to sympathize with him. "Hard Liberty" continually wanders over the line into excellence and then irresolutely back again into mediocrity.

THE STREET OF CHAINS. By LILLIAN LAUFERTY. Harpers. 1929. $1.50.

The title for this novel is taken from the medieval custom of segregating the ghetto by placing chains across the streets leading to the Jewish quarters. Lilian Lauferty writes of modern Jewish life in America, but she makes very real the chains of prejudice and race antagonism that isolate so effectively the more sensitive element of our Jewish population. We have had many novels of the impoverished and newly arrived Jews among us, but "The Street of Chains" tells the long story of a family, the Gruenturms, who have known wealth and culture in different branches of their house for generations. Behind them stand the Delevan Tradition and the Gruenturm Heritage.

The first part of the book, dealing with the childhood of a really charming group of children puzzled by their mixed inheritance and by the very different values advocated by their elders, is far better than the later chapters, which let these same convincing young people grow into conventional adults moved very often more by the needs of the novel than by those of their own natures. The background of Jewish life is beautifully and sympathetically given and carries with it something of the quality of fine truth and kindliness that Grandpa Gruenturm has such difficulty in making clear to the young inheritors. The action quickens when the childhood of the characters is left behind, gaining diversity by their contacts and relationships in the busy, complex world of the first quarter century, but as it quickens it grows mechanical and substitutes bright surfaces for the soft depth that distinguishes its beginnings.

"The Street of Chains" seems to have

(*Continued on page 594*)

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

L. A. E., Penn Yan, N. Y., saying that it is too bad to pursue the Guide to her home with quotations, yet asks just where in "The Faery Queene" the lovely lines "O turn thy rudder hetherward awhile" may be found. The community is eager to know, but seems to shrink from reading this work all the way through.

IT is not so difficult to read "The Faery Queene." There are in our United States, land of endurance contests, even those who pride themselves on having done so, and write to the newspapers about it. I had rather looked forward to getting it over sometimes about the second cycle of my posthumous existence, the first being filled—or so I plan—with "Childe Harold" and "Paradise Regained." Heaven, I take it, calls for something to bring out its joys by contrast, and these works would take my mind off the conditions in another locality. Well, no, I had really not reasoned it out so far; I had but deferred this experience to a time when there would be time enough.

But confronted with a present duty to the Guide, it was not so exhausting as it appeared in prospect to Penn Yan. If you follow in my track you would select the hottest day of the year, construct for yourself a lair under the soundproof dome of the British Museum Reading Room, respectfully remove the dust from the two stately volumes—this was the day before the semi-annual book-dusting bee of this establishment—and just keep going, "leg over leg, as the dog went to Dover"—my life's motto, by the way. You will be strongly reminded of the marionette plays of Sicily which last for three years and may be visited at intervals of three weeks without missing anything of importance to the plot. Now and again the clash of combat subsides and there will be a pause in the recurrent processions beginning "the first came Gluttonie," or some other such, and a clear voice speaks out of immortality—

He there does now enjoy eternal rest
And happie ease, which thou dost want and crave,
And further from it daily wanderest;
What if some little paine the passage have,
That makes fraile flesh to fear the bitter wave?
Is not short paine well borne, that brings long ease,
And lays the soule to sleep in quiet grave?
Sleep after toyle, port after stormy seas;
Ease after warre, death after life doth greatly please.

(Canto IX, book 1.XI)

Then, three cantos further on—Book 2, stanza XXXII of Canto XII, to be exact—you come upon the Song of the Mermayds, which, lovely as it is, I refuse once again to print. Look for yourself and you will see that they didn't really mean it. They lurked in their "deceiptfull shade" and uttered these sweet sentiments "t'allure weake travellers, whom gotten they did kill."

I trust that trustees of libraries who have already graved these lines upon their walls will not too hastily send for a chiseller and make all clean. It would not be so bad an idea thus indirectly to warn a reader of the necessity, when books begin to sing their siren strains, of being able to steer his own ideas. I might go even further and intimate that when a book on the table, sending out its silent song of entreaty, can drown out the song of birds or the voices of men, the weake traveller is heading, I think, for the deceiptful shade of life at second-hand.

How on earth H. M. S., San José, California, knew the date of my birthday I cannot imagine, nor how, even in possession of this information she could so reckon the date of mailing as to get a package delivered in Chelsea pat to the moment, across a continent and an ocean. But so it was; a box of chocolates two feet across arrived on this anniversary, with a note enclosed saying that the mouse in the middle was for Mr. Mole. It is a fine pink gumdrop, one with whiskers and a curly tail; Mr. Mole received it in the large spirit of benevolence he extends to all fourfooted creatures. It is no good naming a cat out of "The Wind in the Willows" if you mean him to be a mouser; indeed, so far as arresting the Karma of the little Ignatz Mice that sport in the kitchen cupboard at 2 Bremerton Street, Mr. Mole might as well have been named Krazy. Three hearty cheers were given for H. M. S. of San José, by the assembled company; I trust that their reverberation in this column will reach her.

I HAVE just received the new edition of the "Concise Oxford Dictionary," published by the Oxford University Press, New York City—they are at 114 Fifth Avenue; I gave the wrong address for them not long ago—and I cannot wait for someone to ask about a dictionary, as someone does every now and then, to inform admirers of the old edition of this grand work that the new one contains a large number of American words and definitions that were not included in the previous edition, and has some five hundred pages more than the old, but it is still sold at the old price of $3.25 in buckram. Neither can I wait to be asked whether there is a collection of the songs of Shakespeare to be able to tell the world that there was not until Frances Phillips, publicity expert of the firm of Morrow, asked that one be given her as a travel-companion last year, and the firm promptly had one made. The everyday edition is beautiful, especially to one who like me has kept up an interest in collecting Shakespearean music since the days when at eighteen I used to spend quite uncalled-for hours in the old Lenox Library happily rooting through "Percy's Reliques"—but the limited edition, rose and cream in a silver box, ideal paper and admirable printing, is a perfect joy. The full title is "The Shakespeare Songs, being a complete collection of the Songs written by or attributed to William Shakespeare, edited by Tucker Brooke, with an introduction by Walter de la Mare" (Morrow).

M. E. W., Los Angeles, Calif., representing a group that is planning a small manual to be used in speech correction, asks for the titles of important recent English books to be included in its book-lists; they are familiar with American and earlier English books on this subject.

THE publications of the Oxford University Press on this subject are the most important, and the prime authority on matters of current pronunciation, the Society for Pure English, has its headquarters at the Clarendon Press, Oxford. This society was founded in 1913 by Dr. Henry Bradley, Mr. Robert Bridges, and Sir Walter Raleigh, with Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith as Honorary Secretary. The subscribers ($2.50 a year) are all over the world; American subscriptions should be sent to Dr. Canby at the *Saturday Review of Literature*. The Tracts it publishes are most valuable; back numbers can be obtained by sending the price to the secretary, from whom a list of them may be obtained. For this list I suggest "The Study of American English," by W. A. Craigie (2s. 6d); "American Pronunciation," by H. Kurath; "Needed Words," by Logan Pearsall Smith; "The Split Infinitive," by H. W. Fowler; "English Vowel-Sounds: on 'ing'," by A. W. Aikin; all at the same price. Fowler's "Dictionary of Modern English Usage" (Oxford) is one of the most readable, provocative, and inspiring books about words—or about anything, for that matter. Other Oxford publications include "Spoken and Written Language," by Henry Bradley; "A Chart of English Speech Sounds," with key-words and notes, by Daniel Jones; "New Method of Phonetic Investigation," by E. W. Scripture; "Pronunciation of Standard English in America," by G. P. Krapp, and "Phonetic Transcription and Transliteration," proposals of the Copenhagen Conference, April, 1925, drawn up by Otto Jesperson and Holger Pedersen, which appears also in French and in German.

"The Phonetics of English," by Ida C. Ward (Appleton), has recently appeared in the United States; it is by one of the faculty of University College, London, and attempts to present the main facts of English pronunciation to-day, being of especial usefulness to the teacher who must deal with indistinct or dialect speech. Appleton also published this Fall an edition of H. H. Davies's well-known comedy "The Mollues," transcribed into phonetic notation by Dorothée Palmer, with tone-marks. It is meant for drill in pronunciation and for teaching stress and intonation in dramatic and speech classes.

The prize entry, however, is the recently issued bulletin of the Society for Pure English on the matter of "The B. B. C.'s Recommendations for Pronuncing Doubtful Words." Wireless is taken far more seriously than it is in the United States; at least the matter of listening-in is systematized and not left, as with us, largely to the chances of commercial entreprise. Apparatus is licensed and the British Broadcasting Corporation is the central source of programs. "In the early days of broadcasting different pronunciations of certain English words were used by individual announcers. To overcome this difficulty, the B. B. C. sought the advice of an expert committee presided over by Mr. Robert Bridges, the Poet Laureate. The result of this committee's work has now been re-issued in the form of a Tract of the Society."

The interest thus aroused may be inferred from such an editorial paragraph as this, which appeared in the Sunday *Times*; it gives as well some of the words around which discussion, in spite of decision, seems still hot.

It is, on the whole, unlikely that the latest attempts of the B. B. C. to *stay*bilize the language will meet with a tor*nay*do of protest. The soo*prem*macy of B. B. C. English has long been recognized; the judgments of the Advisory Committee are for the most part ir*reff*ewtable, and with Mr. George Bernard Shaw acting as Cox'n, could surely never be je*joon*.

"Speek the speech, I pray you, as I pronounce it to you, trippingly on the tongue," urges Dr. Robert Bridges, and the announcers, with their usual a*kew*men, do o*bey*ance. Yet occasionally a murmur of dissent may be heard (öff). (Note by M. L. B.: the present shibboleth of good English seems to be this word öff. Keep away from *awff*; make the vowel short if you intend to frequent good society.) The nautically minded will be glad to find their old friend the *fok*sle sanctioned by the B. B. C. But the consistent pronunciation all over England of "lass" with which "äss" is to rhyme, may be found kim*mer*ical. "Kursaal" is to be ennunciated "as in German"; but not everyone is acquainted with the nuances ("as in French") of that language. And here and there a vaga*ry* has crept in. The rule for the pronunciation of "decadence" will seem to a good many people a sign of decaydence.

The papers are well peppered with letters to the editor about B. B. C. English, and the correspondence is usually well worth keeping.

Speaking further on this matter, L. A. B., Columbus, Indiana, asks how to pronounce the name of John Drinkwater and that of Hilaire Belloc, saying that the accent is differently given in the two reference books that she has consulted. She asks where she can get standard pronunciations of English proper names of authors now before the public eye.

IT should interest amateur psychologists to notice how hard it is for American readers to believe that there is not a catch somewhere in the name of John Drinkwater. There is none at all; it is categorical as the Eighteenth Amendment. Neither is there any great difficulty in the name of Mr. Belloc, which, strictly speaking, should have no strong accent at all, being French. But the tendency in a two-syllable proper name is to slide back in England and forward in Amerıct, so that a friend of mine used to leave Southampton as Mrs. *Dunn*'le and land in New York as Mrs. Dun*nell*, reversing the process automatically upon her return. Try to say the name of Mr. Belloc's sister, Marie Belloc-Lowndes, and you will see that you must almost of necessity slightly stress the first syllable; so with the name in its British state.

The present crop of authors in England pronounces its names with gratifying ease; now that we have rid ourselves of the horrid notion that the first syllable of Galsworthy rhymes with *pal*, we can do very well among the novelists. It is the more painful that this misapprehension should have started, even so far away from home, in that Mr. Galsworthy's name is so old that the first syllable derives from the Gauls. Remember that and the vowel will take its proper color. If I remember rightly, it was J. C. Powys who started the mistake in our country by thus pronouncing it upon the lecture platform; his own name, of course, is with the long o, not as pow, a comic-strip concussion. Searching my mind for pronunciations used in England and strange to the American ear, I bring out Mahony, pronounced Mahny; Gollancz, prounced Gollance; Cadogan, pronounced Ca*dug*gan; Featherstonehaugh, pronounced Fanshaw; A. H. Clough, pronounced Cluff, though the town Slough rhymes with cow—but then these *oughs* have ever been the despair of foreigners. Leveson-Gower is Lewson-Gore, Augustine is Austin, Kerr is Karr. Eric Gill the sculptor usese a hard g, not as in part of a pint. For that matter, he is Ghil in Paris, where Galsworthy answers to his standard Continental pronunciation of Gazz-wuzz-*zee*. It was under this combination of vocables that he received the homage of Germany and Austria at the Vienna meeting of the P.E.N. Club; it thus that I heard him introduced at the Sorbonne. After that, need we worry overmuch if in our own country we permit foreign names to suffer not only a sea-change but an overland twist?

F. K., Cap d'Antibes, France, asks on behalf of American twins nearly six, now resident in the south of France, for a book to awaken interest in mythology; also for "something especially good along the line of folklore, other than the regular fairy-tales."

THE letter goes on: "If you didn't always so exactly hit the nail on the head with your recommendations, you'd spare yourself a lot of trouble. As it is, I bother you whenever I'm stuck on anything from Mother Goose to Immortality." Now that is the sort of thing that puts me on my mettle. I had once a friend from Kansas named Margaret, whose mother used to say, "If you want Mag to split herself, just brag on her."

So I begin at the top, with Bulfinch's "Golden Age of Myth and [illegible] (Stokes), the revised and enlarged e[illegible] his "Age of Fable," though this [illegible] good enough to keep on hand for reference book and may be thought "too old" for the twins. But my experience in this respect leads me to think that children take best to mythology books of the grown-up type, obscurely resenting Pandora and Epimetheus as little children, for instance. My first mythology was "Tooke's Pantheon," a book of my father's, illustrated with Flaxman drawings, and I had the social register of Olympus by heart at an early age. However, it is only fair to say that Francillon's "Gods and Heroes" (Ginn) is greatly liked by little children, and that Hawthorne's "Wonder Book" in Houghton's edition has the added attraction of Walter Crane's lovely pictures. Padraic Colum leads for the Norse Sagas, with "Children of Odin" (Macmillan), and for that matter his "Golden Fleece" (Macmillan) is great for the heroes before Achilles.

Lloyd George, in a recent address, declared that no Englishman has written ever the approximate truth about the war. That task had remained for the veterans of other nations.

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page 592*)

been written by some one completely immersed in herself and her subject, and perhaps a little out of touch with the world in general. One would suspect the writer of being very young and withdrawn. There is therefore considerably more than mere news interest in discovering that Lilian Lauferty is the not entirely unknown "Beatrice Fairfax!"

THE ROGUE'S MOON. By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS. Illustrated by NORMAN PRICE. Appleton. 1929. $3.50.

A new, handsomely bound, profusely illustrated edition of a buccaneer romance first published a year or two ago, this is a tale founded largely upon actual figures and events in the early eighteenth-century history of North Carolina. Nancy, the imaginary chief character, an orphan disguised as a boy, ill-used apprentice scullion in a disreputable tavern, encounters such fearsome folk of the time as Black-Beard, Tom Cocklyn, Stede Bonnet, and the female pirates, Anne Bonney and Mary Read, her adventures among them being perilous and manifold. But tenderer adventures also befall the lass, love for a young naval officer presaging happy rescue from the miserable fate which has long enslaved her. The book is an ideal gift with which their elders may delight the children.

THE UNWILLING GOD. By PERCY MARKS. Harpers. 1929. $2.50.

As a novel, "The Unwilling God" is unimpressive; as one more Marksian tract upon college life, however, it distinctly has its uses. Mr. Marks analyzes the American small college confidently and sanely; it is safe to say that he knows what he is talking about. His point of view is sensible and humane, and his undergraduates are normal except when he tends to oversimplify them. The thesis in the novel is that high seriousness is fatal to a full college life, that being a Regular Fellow is necessary for keen enjoyment of the undergraduate years. The idealists and the romantics will probably deny this notion that conformance is a virtue, but those who really know the temper of any American college will be likely to agree with Mr. Marks.

The narrative is only occasionally sensible. Almost without exception, the characters jump about on the ends of strings. The one who really seems to live is Tommy Graham, the professor whom Mr. Marks has carefully fabricated to represent all that is admirable (according to the Marksian rationale) in professorial thought and conduct. Bill Royce, the serious lad who finally sees the light, never develops into a sympathetic character, and his sweetheart, Patricia, is considerably less than convincing. The episodes of Connie Milburn and of the snowstorm are merely paper cut-outs. But after all, "The Unwilling God" does give with considerable accuracy the flavor and feeling of undergraduate life in a small college.

Juvenile

(The Children's Bookshop will appear next week)

BLUE RIBBON STORIES. The Best Children's Stories of 1929. Edited by MABEL L. ROBINSON. Appleton. 1929. $2.50.

Twenty-eight stories are here presented, "selected," Miss Robinson tells us in her foreword, "from the magazines for young people by the advanced class in Juvenile Story Writing at Columbia University." She adds, "The stories are exchanged and each one passed on by at least three other members of the class before it comes to me." A number of magazines are represented, some well known, some less so; some for older boys and girls, some for the younger ones—*St. Nicholas*, *The American Girl*, *Boys' Life*, *Child Life*, *The Classmate*. None of the stories is outstandingly good; some of them are hardly worthy of being included in a collection which has "the best" in its title, but most of them measure up to the standard of young people's magazines to-day and will be interesting to those for whom they are written. That the standard set is not higher is to be regretted, considering the importance of the audience, but the reason is not far to seek. We are still going largely on the assumption that almost anybody can write for young people. We have waked up to the necessity for good books for small children, but the adolescent, so much scrutinized by the psychologists, is neglected by the educators, save in theory. The rarest genus of writers is the short-story teller, and the rarest genius of all is the one who can write well and understandingly in this form for juveniles. If such a collection as this can bring home to us our need in this line, it will have given service beyond that which evidently—from its foreword—was its main intention—to entertain the whole family.

SLINGS AND SANDALS, A Story of Boys who saw Jesus. By HERBERT WHITEHEAD. Abingdon. 1929. $1.

A story of what might have happened to a group of boys in Palestine in the time of Jesus of Nazareth, realistically told in a manner to suit the palate of the readers of boys' magazines. This book will undoubtedly appeal to the average boy and make Jesus seem a real person; artistically it falls below the standards of good style and good English, which even part of the attempt to bring it down to boyish levels is scarcely justifiable.

THE ADVENTURES OF GALLEY JACK. By VIOLET MAXWELL and HELEN HILL. Harpers. 1929. $1.

Galley Jack was "ship's cat to the *Susan P. Meservey*," and the *Susan P.* was a trading vessel that plied between Falmouth, England, and the coast of Maine. These facts are undeniably charming, especially for anyone who feels the romance of the sea and ships and knows how particularly the State of Maine has a prerogative in that field of romance. For these factual reasons this is a delightful little book. It also has a very important negative virtue. The bringing of children, brownies, and fairies into Galley Jack's adventures is accomplished without making the book a series of stereotyped fairy tales. This is because the call of the sea holds stronger every time then the temptation to finish everything off with an overdose of happy-ever-after pleasantness. At the end of the concluding story Galley Jack goes out to sea again and disappears. Various theories are held about what has happened to him, but the only determined fact is that he has disappeared seaward.

Poetry

PEP. By LION FEUCHTWANGER. Translated by DOROTHY THOMPSON. Viking. 1929. $2.

At first glance this seems to be another insidious attempt on the part of Germany to restore the onetime *entente cordiale*. "Pep," a volume of verse by a leading German novelist, is dedicated to a leading American novelist (Sinclair, alias "Red" Lewis) and is translated by the latter's wife. But the hand stretched across the sea conceals a stiletto, a stink-bomb, and a package full of Nasty Cracks.

The entire volume is in the nature of a joke. Published originally in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, purporting to be translations "from the original American by J. R. Wetcheek," it was some time before critics discovered that "Wetcheek" was a literal equivalent for "Feuchtwanger" and the hoax was apparent. But not too apparent, and the joke is both less and more than a joke. Out of this not so light verse a figure emerges, one B. W. Smith ("Wallboard, Tiles, and Roofing"), a composite of Babbitt, Mencken's "Boobus Americanus," and the average reader of the *Saturday Evening Post*—seen through the eyes of a laughing foreigner. Mr. Smith's fatuities, pseudo-scientific explorations, moral hypocrisies, civic prides, intellectual curiosities are pitilessly laid before us. Swiftly and savagely his philosophical, sociological, and "artistic" propensities are exposed; the jest grows more incisive as Herr Feuchtwanger (still with his tongue in both wet cheeks) relates seven of Mr. Smith's trifling incidents and experiences.

For those who relish rough satire and adroit wit "Pep" is excellent breakfast food for thought. Those who care for humor for its own sake will find these rhymes loudly diverting. In its careless, impressionistic way, "Pep" is a red and white rondo in blue minor.

ON POETRY. By *E. de Selincourt*. Oxford University Press. 75 cents.

HENRY VI. Parts II and III: Their Relation to the "Contention" and the "True Tragedy." By Madeliene Doran. University of Iowa.

POEMS OF FRENEAU. Edited by *Harry Hayden Clark*. Harcourt, Brace.

NEW LEGENDS. By *Hervey Allen*. Farrar & Rinehart.

POEMS. By *John Masefield*. Macmillan. $5.

ILLINI POETRY. Edited by *Paul Landis*.

LINES AND RHYMES. By *Emma Magin Bissell*. Rochester, N. Y.

"THE OLD SWIMMIN'-HOLE," AND 'LEVEN MORE POEMS. By *Benj. F. Johnson*, of Boone. Bobbs-Merrill.

BLACK BREAD. By *Patience Ross*. Houghton Mifflin. $1.75.

KÖRTE'S HELLENISTIC POETRY. Translated by *Jacob Hammer* and *Moses Hadas*. Columbia University Press. $4.

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THE current publishing season has produced one novelty which cannot fail to excite remark—"Gods' Man," a morality done entirely in pictures after the manner of the medieval block books. The pictures are engravings on wood by Lynd Ward, and save for two or three half titles, there are no words in the whole story. The technical and artistic value of Mr. Ward's work will be appraised by a more competent hand than mine, in the columns of this journal.

What reception the book will meet with will be interesting to know. That it will meet with varied opinions from the critics is obvious from the contents of a letter which is just at hand from a spirited commentator on such matters. He says:

"Now that we have begun the substitution of pictures for print, I may expect presently to walk into a picture gallery and find the walls hung with framed descriptive passages. There will be descriptions of both people and landscapes.

"Also I foresee the advent of the adult picture book, the movie tabloid short-cut to a story. I read 'Gods' Man' in something less than half an hour. That was time enough to exhaust the interest contained in these hundred and forty or so fair wood cuts lacking any great intrinsic merit. I swallowed 'Gods' Man' like a pill and my imagination clicked shut. I was briefly amused. I failed to find the richness of incident, that prolonged stirring of my experienced mind, which guarantees a book.

"Children love picture books before they come to grasp the significance of art. The adult mind comprehends art, but finds pictures a thin substitute for narrative. A painting of my grandmother wearing a black ribbon at her throat will fail to arouse in you the same emotions as when I say, 'As a girl my grandmother wore black ribbons about her slender throat.' Presto, there is my grandmother palpable and warm in life with you. Her portrait frames her. Yet the painting may excite you as a work of art. It may be a great portrait.

"Pictures and print do not compete. They stimulate the mind differently. Tales seem to be for telling, and as soon as they can read, children turn to printed books for them. Nor can I make a picture of what I have just said."

The only thing to be said in rebuttal might be that "Gods' Man" is, after all, symbolic. It tells a story far less than it symbolizes, from one point of view, man's life. In its underlying motive it is a "throw-back" to block-books, with "Christes lore and his apostles twelve" quite left out. In this, as in its technique, it is essentially modern. R.

FORMAL announcement has recently been made of a new periodical, *The Colophon*, a quarterly magazine to be devoted to the interests of book-collectors. The contributing editors include many of the most distinguished persons in this country connected directly with books, either as writers, as librarians, or as printers—Miss Ruth S. Granniss, Miss Belle DaCosta Greene, Dr. Pierce Butler, George Parker Winship, Thomas Beer, William M. Ivins, Jr., Rockwell Kent, Christopher Morley, George H. Sargent, John T. Winterlich, Elmer Adler, Frederic W. Goudy, Bruce Rogers, Carl Purington Rollins, D. B. Updike—while the responsibility for printing is to rest with the Pynson Printers. "The reader to whom *The Colophon* will be directed," the prospectus says moderately, "already collects books and knows why. Its appeal, therefore, cannot be elementary, nor will it be a vehicle of collecting propaganda. Its tastes will be as catholic as the tastes of its readers, as catholic as the tastes of all its contributors. (Its) primary concern will be with collected and collectable books—first editions, fine printing, incunabula, association books, Americana, bibliography, and manuscripts. The subject of book-illustration will receive attention, and significant examples . . . will be printed either from the original plates or blocks, or reproduced in facsimile by one of the photo-mechanical processes." Collectors who have become bored by incessant attempts in various quarters to transform the country at large into a happy family of book-lovers, will be especially glad to find at last a periodical that takes for granted a certain amount of knowledge of books on the part of the reader—for a long time nothing more has been required of anyone than the pleasurable recognition of the familiar. And with such articles in prospect as a brief history of the origin and development of the colophon by Miss Grannis, an exposition of the field of Indian Captivities by Dr. Pierce Butler, and a discussion of the need for a supreme court of bibliography to prevent the adoption of too many supposititious "points" by Mr. Sargent, it is possible to feel that escape from the elementary and the obvious has actually been achieved.

It is, from one point of view, unfortunate that the number of subscriptions to the *Colophon* has, for the present, to be limited; as the editors explain in their announcement, this is essential "solely because the mechanical requirements will be such that a larger printing (i. e., of more than two thousand copies, the number now set as a limit) could not have the high quality of craftsmanship which the editors wish the publication to attain." High standards of printing would, of course, be assumed in connection with any work undertaken by the Pynson Printers, and one can only hope that it may in the future be a reasonable thing, without lowering these standards in the least, to produce whatever number of copies in excess of the proposed figure may be demanded. Certainly, few quarterlies have begun their lives with clearer fields of usefulness before them, and with such unusual promise of carrying out successfully the work they have assumed for themselves. G. M. T.

Volume twenty-two, part one, of the "Papers" of the Bibliographical Society of America has recently appeared. The contents include: "The Bibliography of Canadian Constitutional History," by Reginald G. Trotter; "Some Notes on the Bibliography of Canadian History," by Fred Landon; "British Columbia: a Bibliographical Sketch," by R. L. Reid; two papers by William Warner Bishop, "The Bibliography of American Travel: a Project," by Solon J. Buck, and "Bibliographical Coöperation between Mexico and the United States," by Rafael Heliodoro Valle. The field of bibliography is admittedly wide, and many persons may discover much to excite them in the preceding list, but to the average collector it will seem perhaps as if conscientious dulness, more than anything else, were the prevailing standard of selection.

G. M. T.

A recently discovered manuscript of Dumas brought from Europe by Gabriel Wells describes a visit by Poe to Paris in which Dumas was his host. The date of this visit, according to the Dumas script, was about 1832, the year in which Poe is credited with having settled as a man of letters in Baltimore at the age of twenty-three.

The account reads as follows

"But before entering upon this narrative I owe my readers a few words of explanation.

It was about the year 1832.

One day a young American presented himself at my house with an introduction from his fellow countryman, the famous novelist Fenimore Cooper.

Needless to say I welcomed him with open arms.

His name was Edgar Poe.

From the outset I realized that I had to deal with a remarkable man: two or three remarks which he made on my furniture, the things I had about me, the way my articles of everyday use were strewn about the room, and on my moral and intellectual characteristics, impressed me with their accuracy and truth. On the very first day of our acquaintance I freely proffered him my friendship and asked for his. He must certainly have entertained for me a sympathy similar to that I felt for him, for he held

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out his hand to me, and the understanding between us was instantaneous and complete.

At this time, my mother's ill health requiring that she should enjoy a purer air than that afforded by the more central parts of Paris, she was living in the Luxembourg district, while I had a little house all to myself in the Rue de l'Ouest.

I offered to let Edgar Poe have two rooms in this house for the duration of his stay in Paris.

Edgar Poe accepted my offer, confessing that his financial resources amounted to no more than three hundred francs a month accruing to him from a credit on M. Lafitte, and that in consequence I was, without being aware of it, doing him a greater service than I suspected.

Only, he made his acceptance conditional upon one essential stipulation, which was that in his mode of life under my roof he should be free to do entirely as he wished, and to comport himself as if the house were his and not mine.

I was too much afraid of losing his agreeable companionship to hesitate about complying with everything he desired.

From the very first day of our association I realized why he had laid down the condition to which I have referred. Poe had one curious idiosyncrasy;he liked the night better than the day. Indeed, his love of the darkness amounted to a passion. But the Goddess of Night could not always afford him her shade, and remain with him continually, so he contrived a substitute. As soon as day began to break he hermetically sealed up the windows of his room and lit a couple of candles. In the midst of this pale illumination he worked, or read, or suffered his thoughts to wander in the insubstantial regions of reverie, or else he fell asleep, not being always able to indulge in waking dreams. But as soon as the clock told him that the real darkness had come he would come in for me, take me out with him if I was there, or go forth alone if I was not.

As a general rule I must confess I was ready waiting for him, for these nocturnal expeditions in his company were a source of veritable pleasure. In these rambles I could not help remarking with wonder and admiration (though his rich endowment of ideas should have prepared me for it) the extraordinary faculty of analysis exhibited by my friend. He seemed to delight in giving it play, and neglected no opportunity of indulging himself in that pleasure. He made no secret of the enjoyment he derived from it, and would remark with a smile of *proud* satisfaction, that, for him every man had an open window where his heart was. And as a rule, he accompanied that assertion with an immediate demonstration, which, having me for its object, could leave no doubt in my mind, concerning Edgar's power of divination."

The London *Times Literary Supplement*, commenting upon a recent sale in the United States, writes as follows:

"In glancing through a priced copy of the fine catalogue of the library of the late Mr. John C. Williams, dispersed at the American Art Galleries, New York, on November 6-8, it is difficult to get away from the impression that the recent Wall Street crisis very seriously affected many of the prices. The two portions of 1,399 lots showed the very considerable total of $104,172 (£20,834), but this was largely due to a few big-priced lots. The number of those which sold for less than $10 was very great. As Miss Bartlett points out in her sympathetic preface to the catalogue, the founder of the library was largely interested in illustrated English books from the first examples in the middle of the sixteenth up to the end of the seventeenth century, and in this respect the sale was one of the most important of its kind held in New York for many years."

We print the following extract from a letter from Stanley Morison, refuting reports that *The Fleuron*, a journal of typography, edited by Stanley Morison and published by the syndics of the Cambridge University Press, has ceased publication.

"The Cambridge University Press," Mr. Morison writes, "has the seventh and final number in the press for publication in the new year. The volume, which it is hoped will surpass its predecessors in interest as well as in bulk, contains, among other non-technical features, short stories by Rose Macaulay and Sylvia Townsend Warner, not hitherto published, and many type specimens in varying formats. An outstanding article is that by Mr. Paul Beaujon, a well-known American specialist, on the typographical work of Eric Gill, for which the artist has specially engraved blocks in two colors. There is also an article by Mr. Updike on the work of Thomas Maitland Cleland, and there is a complete Index of the whole series of seven numbers."

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Grand Emir of the Polysyllables Rampant
SILAS FRANK SEADLER, *Author of*
THE ANAGRAM BOOK

Once more time is on wings. Once more America is seized by a new variation on the Eighth Lively Art. Once more a word game lures thousands to insulate themselves against the rest of the universe while they rearrange letters to form a sacred realm of enchantment. In short, *The Anagram Book* by SILAS FRANK SEADLER has finally made its appearance in the beleaguered bookstores . . . the peace that passeth all understanding has fallen upon WIT'S END, the town house of that patron saint of the anagrammists, ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT . . . and, if *The Inner Sanctum* has its wish, all America is about to become anagram-minded.

This telegram to ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT tells all:

December 4, 1929
ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT
450 East 52nd Street
New York City

We are operating on the theory that Eddie Cantors extravaganza Caught Short is laughing America back to sanity and the sanity thus attained can best be employed in making mental whoopee with The Anagram Book Period On the eve of the release of this homewrecking opus to a palpitant public we reverently salute you as the patron saint of the polysyllables rampant Period You can take the credit for starting the Anagram vogue Can you take your credit with a ? Question mark

SIMON AND SCHUSTER

P.S. Since dictating this we have just been informed that the real Pioneer of the Anagram Pastime is F. P. A. Our informant is F. P. A.

SILAS FRANK SEADLER, the author of *The Anagram Book*, is one of America's noted wits and raconteurs . . . a brilliant advertising writer for that cradle of the lively arts, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company . . . a boon companion of that other intrepid anagrammist, HOWARD ["*Little Show*—*Moaning Low*"] DIETZ, . . . designer of "Unscrambling the Anagrambles" for millions of newspaper readers through the King Feature Syndicate . . . and Sponsor Extraordinary for a new home-wrecking, ennui-dispelling pastime which inspired the following illustrious tribute from NEWMAN [*Opera Guyed*] LEVY:

THE SPORT OF SPORTS

A game of Anagrams, my lads,
And a rollicking spelling song,
And who'll not thrill to a well-played kill
Of a word eight letters long?
So here's to the sport of sports, my lads,
And give it a hearty cheer—
Oh, a rollicking game of Anagrams
And a good song ringing clear!

According to double-page spreads in *The New York Times Book Review* and the *Saturday Review of Literature*, eleven of *The Inner Sanctum's* twelve best sellers of 1929 could just as well be given for Christmas in 1930. The twelfth, *Caught Short*, by EDDIE CANTOR, is more a book of the moment than a book for the ages—but what a man! what a moment! By the same traditionally wide margin *Caught Short* is still the first of the best-sellers, not only in New York, but throughout the land, away ahead of *The Lost Shirt*, and setting the pace for such books as *Twelve Against the Gods*, *The Art of Thinking*, and *Believe It or Not*.

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THE PHOENIX NEST

We come rather behind the parade in writing of stunt books dealing with the late unpleasantness in Wall Street. Of course, we have already done our bit for *Eddie Cantor*, and the last time we saw *Mr. Simon* in the Harvard Club he was talking in so many figures about the book that we almost felt in the presence of royalty. Still, why shouldn't one speak of *Joe Anthony's* "The Lost Shirt" and also of *Edward Dean Sullivan's* "Sold Out," "the story of what happened?" Brentano's has sought to cheer the shirt-losers with the former, and the Vanguard Press puts out the latter. Mr. Anthony is the Omar of Wall Street, he bursts into stanzas. Mr. Sullivan bursts into paragraphs. He is anecdotal about Mr. Livermore where Anthony is lyrical. Eddie Cantor was briefer than either,—almost, because Joe is pretty brief. Anyway, we have now named the three books you may still need in your convalescence after the market's plunge into the sub-cellar. . . .

To answer *Hugh McLellan Farnsworth* of 26 Medbury Road, Dunham, N. H., we think the poetry magazine he means that we mentioned is *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, edited by Harriet Monroe at 232 East Erie Street, Chicago, Illinois. . . .

From *Barnet B. Ruder*, 8 West 47th Street, you can procure for seventeen dollars and fifty cents per volume a book on The Paintings of *George Bellows*, containing 143 examples of his oils (one reproduced in full color) and a fitting tribute to the genius of this American artist. . . .

Allan L. Benson has done a biography of *Daniel Webster* for the Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. Did you ever know that when Dan'l was a student at Dartmouth he was also a poet? Sure! To a young lady who had cut her foot on the eve of a dance, he penned the following:

Rust seize the ax, the hoe or spade
Which in your foot this gash has made;
Which cut through kid and silk and skin
To spill the blood that was within;
By which you're forced to creep and crawl
Nor frisk and frolic at the ball.

But Clara, Clara! were thy heart
As tender as thy pedal part,
From thy sweet lips did love but flow,
Swift as blood gushes from thy toe;
So many beaus would not complain
That all their bows and vows were vain.

And, Mr. Benson continues, "Webster could write much worse verse than this." . . .

Of fifty-nine authors interrogated by *The New York Telegram* as to what book among juveniles they read in their youth and still remembered, "Alice in Wonderland" drew the prize. "Grimm's Fairy Tales" ranked second, and was closely followed by "Swiss Family Robinson," "Little Women," "David Copperfield," and Hans Andersen's "Fairy Tales." . . .

Covici-Friede promise for the Spring, among other good titles, "Twenty-One Ways of Committing Suicide," by *Jean Bruller*, with an introduction by *Corey Ford*, and *Genevieve Taggard's* anthology of metaphysical verse entitled "Circumference," which is limited to one thousand numbered and autographed copies and sells for six dollars. . . .

Also they have *Margaret Anderson*, the editor emeritus of that grand fighting little magazine, *The Little Review*, reviewing her own literary life under the title of "My Thirty Years War," with a candor that they say may make many uncomfortable. . . .

Two unusual poems in the Winter *Yale Review* are "Conquistador," by *Archibald MacLeish*, and "Stagecoach Weather," by *Geoffrey Johnson*, from the last of which we quote the following two verses as particularly apt at this season:

Soft felting for the thudding of their thunder;
And for those dark nid-nodding poppy faces
Terrors there shall not be, but starry places,
Boughs moving to soft music, white with wonder;

And their horn blowing in sleep's voluted valleys
Shall wind them on in dreams where Beauty dwells
Eternal, past all wakings, far as bells
That lose themselves beyond the mountain chalets.

Johnson is an Englishman who is now publishing his first volume of verse. . . .

Anthony Noon wishes us to say a word about The Kinsprits. They are a group of rather serious collectors who, unable to fill their own nests with the Rare in the Printed Word, satisfy their taste by portraying, for their select audiences, careful interpretation of their enthusiasms. Last year they gave *Strindberg's* "The Stronger," "Miss Julia," etc., at the Lenox Little Theatre, the Cherry Lane, etc. This year their collection of offerings includes *Schnitzler's* "The Lady with the Dagger," *Dowson's* "Pierrot of the Minute," and more *Strindberg*. Their first show will be held at the Civic Club, 18 East 10th Street, on the 22nd (which is tomorrow night), at 8:30 P. M. Admission will be one dollar. The Director is Miss Rosa Vermonte, and you can reach her at Ingersoll 9599-J. . . .

Scribner's are bringing out "The Sporting Novels" of *R. S. Surtees* in ten volumes, with a limited edition for sale by subscription consisting of 976 numbered sets, completely illustrated, 90 full pages colored by hand and 300 in black and white (reproduced from the first editions in the British Museum). The whole of the original illustrations by *John Leech* and *Hablot K. Browne* ("*Phiz*".) The typography is being supervised by *Guy Chapman*. "Jorrocks" is immortal, but only one of the figures on a crowded canvas. . . .

There have been rumors that we had weakened and were going to withdraw that fifty dollars we recently offered. Not at all! If you can remember what it was all about maybe you can win it. But we'll have to hide it away somewhere this summer in order to have it ready when New Year's 1931 dawns. *This* New Year's we doubt whether we shall have two coppers to rub one on another. . . .

Do you know what "Por Que Actuamos Como Seres Humanos" means? It is simply the title of *George Dorsey's* well-known book in Spanish, into which language it has been translated, having been recently published in Barcelona by the House of Luis Miracle. In America alone Dorsey's book has already gone beyond a forty-third printing. . . .

Sheila Kaye-Smith's "Three against the World" is just out through Dutton, if you are a Kaye-Smith fan. It will be called the Dutton prize book for January. . . .

The Book-of-the-Month Club selection for January has been *W. R. Burnett's* "Iron Man," published by Lincoln MacVeagh at the Dial Press. Last June the Literary Guild took the same author's "Little Cæsar." The present story is of a mechanic's helper who becomes a prize-fighter and finally middle-weight champion. Burnett himself used to play baseball, basketball, and football, and also box. At one time his interests wavered between the prize ring, the vaudeville stage, and a jazz band. . . .

A "talkie" record of *Vachel Lindsay's* "The Chinese Nightingale" was recently made in California, and in October last an all-month art exhibit of his drawings was held in his native town of Springfield, Illinois. . . .

Hugh Walpole has written his first play, which he has called "The Young Huntress." It is to be produced in London in the near future. . . .

Compton Mackenzie is starting a new stunt in London, an amusing and original weekly. The intention is to criticize with great candor the London radio programs, and the periodical will be called *Vox*. . . .

Longman's announces its second juvenile competition, for an original unpublished story suitable for boys and girls from twelve to sixteen. This contest closes September 1, 1930. Write Contest Editor, Children's Book Department, Longmans, Green & Co., 55 Fifth Avenue, for all further information. . . .

By the way, we meant to say of *Sheila Kaye-Smith*, above, that she has been appointed book editor of the London *Sunday Express*. . . .

Yo Ho! Ho! This merry Yuletide! And the nearer it draws the more cold shivers we get.

THE PHOENICIAN.

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THE CRESSET PRESS
A MAD WORLD MY MASTERS
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HORTUS FLORIDUS
BY CRISPIN DE PASS
Limited to 165 copies on mould-made paper at $12.00 and 10 copies on hand-made paper, bound in vellum, at $34.00.

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The Guide is on the reference shelves of public libraries.

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